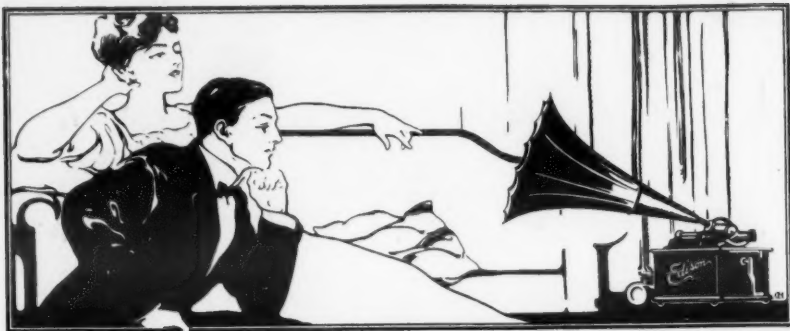


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY





The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

THE voice of the Phonograph is more versatile than even the human voice. It not only reproduces singing, but all music, no matter how rendered. It can reproduce the forty combined instruments of a band as well as it reproduces the singing voice. That is why the Edison Phonograph brings entertainment into every home where it goes. It is the most popular invention of the many which Mr. Edison has made, and is the best form of talking machine because it is the personal work of the inventor and not an adaptation of his idea. Hear it at once at the nearest Edison store and it will not be long before you have one in your home. If it is easier, write for booklet describing all styles of Edison Phonographs, giving prices and the name of nearest dealer.



THOMAS A. EDISON

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 12 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

The August List of EDISON RECORDS

WITH every new Record you buy your Edison Phonograph affords a new pleasure. Keep your library up-to-date by selecting what you like from each month's new Records. Most anything you choose from the August list will increase your interest in your Phonograph and your appreciation of its ability to amuse and entertain. Your dealer will have the new August Records on sale July 27th. Hear them all at the store and buy those you like and those you think your friends will like.

- | | | |
|------|---|--------------------------------|
| 9602 | Minuet and Gavotte from "Pagliacci" (Leoncavallo) | Edison Concert Band |
| 9603 | He Never Even Said Good-Bye (Gumbie) | Ada Jones |
| 9604 | My Dear (Ball) | Reinold Verrenrath |
| 9605 | Sonoma (Friedman) | Edison Venetian Trio |
| 9606 | I'm Tying the Leaves so They Won't Come Down (Hill) | Byron G. Harlan |
| 9607 | Work for the Night is Coming (Mason) | Edison Mixed Quartette |
| 9608 | Flanagan and His Money (Original) | Steve Porter |
| 9609 | Joyce's 71st Regiment March (Boyer) | Edison Military Band |
| 9610 | Dearest, Sweetest, Best (Peabody) | Harry Anthony |
| 9611 | Ev'ry Little Bit Added to What You've Got Makes Just a Little Bit More (Dillon Bros.) | Collins and Harlan |
| 9612 | He Goes to Church on Sunday (Goetz) | Billy Murray |
| 9613 | Heather Bells (Losey) | Albert Benzler |
| 9614 | She Was a Grand Old Lady (Henry) | Harvey Hindemeyer |
| 9615 | Street Piano Medley (Original) | August Molinari |
| 9616 | Harrison (Cohan) | Edward Meeker |
| 9617 | Miss Dixie (Hager) | Edison Concert Band |
| 9618 | So Long, So Long (Clark) | Arthur Collins |
| 9619 | In the Good Old Steamboat Days (Hill) | Murry K. Hill |
| 9620 | My Word! What a Lot of It (Reed) | Will F. Denny |
| 9621 | The Merry Lark (Bendix) | Edison Symphony Orchestra |
| 9622 | Red Wing (Mills) | Frederick H. Potter and Chorus |
| 9623 | Burying the Hatchet (Original) | Ada Jones and Len Spencer |
| 9624 | The Sailors' Chorus (Perry) | Edison Male Quartette |
| 9625 | School Days Medley (Original) | Edison Military Band |

FIVE NEW GRAND OPERA RECORDS

- | | | |
|--------|--|----------|
| B. 51 | Ich grolle nicht ("I'll not complain") | Schumann |
| B. 52 | By OTTO GORITZ, Baritone. Sung in German, orchestra accompaniment. | Mascagni |
| B. 53 | By FLORENCE CONSTANTINO, Tenor. Sung in Italian, orchestra accompaniment. | Puccini |
| B. 54 | In quelle trine morbide ("In those soft, silken curtains") "Mason Lescaut" | Tosti |
| B. 100 | By GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI, Baritone. Sung in Italian, orchestra accompaniment. | Rossini |

FROM July 27th on you can get at any Edison store, or from us, three free books—The Phonogram, the Supplemental Catalogue and the Complete Catalogue—which will give you complete information regarding the new Records for August and all Edison Records brought out in the past and still on sale.

Edison Records are also made in Bohemian, Chinese, Cuban, French, German, Hebrew, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Mexican, Polish, Russian, Spanish and Swedish. Ask your dealer or write us for a catalogue.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1907

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P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424 West Thirtieth Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and the International News Company, 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.; Toronto, Ont., 72-74 Bay Street. Copyright 1907 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Collier's National Hotel Directory

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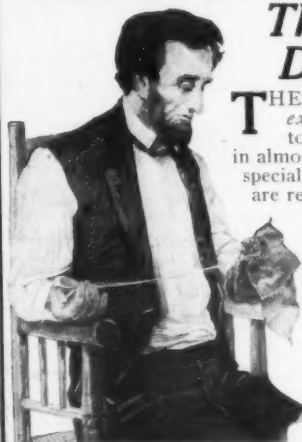
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, U. S. A., SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1907

The Short-Story Contest

¶ The short stories accepted by Collier's in the quarter ending June 1 were as follows:

THE FOOTPRINT	Gouverneur Morris
THE INSIDE FACTS	Joseph C. Lincoln
THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS	Myra Kelly
THE VERY TIRED GIRL	Eleanor Hallowell Abbott
MOSBY'S DEPILATOR	Ellis Parker Butler
AN ACCIDENTAL SAINT	Charlotte Wilson
A PLEASANT NIGHT IN SPRING	Stephen French Whitman
THE HUT IN THE WOOD	Josephine Daskam Bacon
THE KIDNAPPERS	Richard Harding Davis
THE MONKS OF ST. BRIDE	Herminie Templeton
THE SCREAMING SKULL	F. Marion Crawford
THE LITTLE HEIRESS	Gouverneur Morris

¶ "The Footprint," "The Screaming Skull," "The Kidnappers" and "The Monks of St. Bride" were over 6,000 words long, and so were not considered as competitors for the quarterly bonus of \$1,000. Miss Abbott, whose story, "The Very Tired Girl," has been selected from the above list as the prize winner, also won the first of these quarterly contests—the one ending September 1, 1905—with a story called "The Sick-A-Bed Lady." The necessary delay in announcing the stories accepted during each quarter year is illustrated by a letter from a competitor at American Point, Fernan Vaz, French Congo. Its first date was April 18; in a postscript, dated May 10, the writer says:

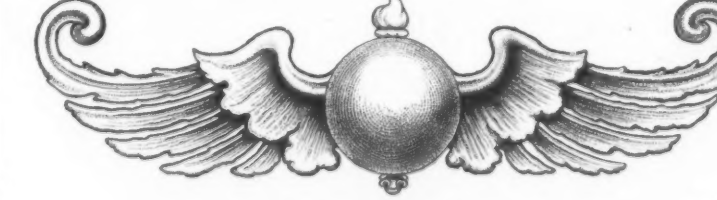
¶ "Alas, I have it borne in deeper day by day that I am not in the land of rapid transit in all things. My courier put off at midnight in his frail pirogue to catch the post on the 19th April. Toward daylight a terrific ogula came up, and he was compelled to put into a small town. Now in that town there was being held a 'kongo' (a dance celebrating the death of a great chief) and 'mimbo' (native whisky distilled from palm oil) was free to whomever would apply. Ora filled up with mimbo, and mimbo filled him up. He reached the post long after the courier had departed with the mail for Cape Lopez, whence it sails once a month for Europe and civilization."

Something to Praise

¶ Next week the fourth of the articles on "Tainted News" will appear. Some pessimistic editor has said that if Collier's ever found anything to praise it would fall dead. Collier's hopes that can't be true, for it means to speak of a growing list of important newspapers that have closed their columns to the advertisers who disguise their puffery in news type and stipulate that it be printed under telegraphic date lines. Perhaps the fact that there are black sheep to name as well as white sheep to praise will save Collier's from falling dead. This is offered to the pessimistic editor as an excuse for continuing publication.

Down in Mississippi

¶ Frederick Palmer's article this week on the Williams-Vardaman Senatorial campaign down in Mississippi is for midsummer reading. It is not as serious as an Agricultural Report. It is intended to reflect the human side of the debate. Governor Vardaman is raging up and down his State, crying out for the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, heaping scorn and ridicule upon the President, charging John Sharp Williams with snobbery on the ground that he can't eat greens with a knife. The "red necks" like it; Williams smiles and remarks that the "nigger question" was settled in Mississippi a long time ago. What John Sharp wants the primary voters to remember is that we've got a lot of national problems to tackle.



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The National Press Association
54 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published by P. F. Collier & Son (Peter Fenelon Collier - Robert J. Collier), 416-424 West Thirtieth Street, New York City

IN THE EAST, within the periphery of the big advertisements in the financial pages, Mr. LAWSON is pretty well understood. His occupation is the misleading and deceiving of those—chiefly simple, trustful folk—whose confidence he secures.

His relation to those who employ him is the same that holds between Mr. ARMOUR of Chicago and that sophisticated and urbane steer which leads its bucolic brothers down the runway to the slaughtering block. LAWSON is the prince of advertisers, and in so far as Frenzied Finance brought him to the favorable knowledge of a wider circle of small depositors in savings banks, it was grist for his mill. In the remoter West, where the vasty echoes of that mighty firecracker which he tied to The System's tail have not yet died away, LAWSON is still spoken of as a Force for Good. Doubtless those simple followers who thrilled at the devil-tales of Standard Oil would be

THE BELL-
WETHER

vaguely troubled to read this description of Mr. ROCKEFELLER, which the shifting expediencies of Mr. LAWSON's occupation caused him to publish in one of his recent advertisements: "When I read in my Bible that God made man in His own image and likeness I find myself picturing a certain type of individual—a solid, substantial, sturdy gentleman . . . with a cautious, kindly expression of face . . . rather brotherly than friendly, clean of mind and body; and if I have not given you the impression of a good wholesome man, made in the image of his God, I have done WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER a greater wrong than an honest man can afford to do another." To the recondite, who understand Mr. LAWSON and his game—and keep their money in the savings bank—the chief interest in this beatific description is the titillating speculation between two possibilities—whether LAWSON is employed by The System again or would like to make the public believe he is. In either event, his exact place among the Forces for Good is not left in uncertainty.

"**BUY AMALGAMATED,**" shouts LAWSON to his followers now. "Buy it quick, it will go to 150; it will advance 60 points." Not for the benefit of the little stock gamblers, for whom solicitude is wasted, nor yet to meet any serious demand of historical accuracy, but rather as a small contribution to the lighter aspects of life upon this earth, we record the uncolored fact that on December 6, 1904, in the Frenzied Finance days, LAWSON shouted through the full-page megaphone: "I see the handwriting on the wall. It reads: 'The people will not stand plundering any longer.' And I have decided. I advise every stockholder of Amalgamated to sell his holdings at once, before another crash comes. Another slump may carry it to 33 again or lower. Bear in mind when Amalgamated sells at 33 that I have warned you." There would be more humor in all this

if there were less tragedy. One can not help **HOT AND COLD** feeling sorry for those who pay Mr. LAWSON's profits and the \$50,000 a day advertising bills.

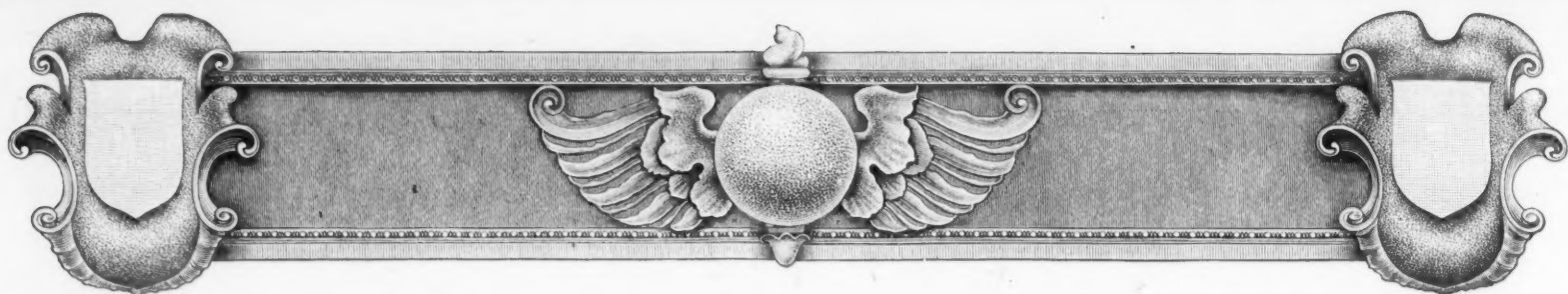
We believe that LAWSON, aside from the necessities of his occupation, is a man of generous emotions. Does he ever recall this letter that came to him in the mails one morning?—he printed it himself in Frenzied Finance: "You will observe by the postmark . . . my present . . . residence. You probably knew that before, as the press has had much to say about me of late. I trust you . . . are satisfied . . . when you observe the hell you have caused others. . . . When I first wrote you about the Amalgamated stock, I was an honest, prosperous man. . . . I had never committed a crime. . . . Relying upon what you said publicly, . . . I committed acts which I now know to my everlasting sorrow I should not have committed. . . . The rest is the old story. My wife and children are

disgraced and oppressed with poverty, and I am serving a five years' sentence . . . buoyed up only with the hope that I may live to face you . . . that you may see the wreck you have wrought." Is this a pleasing memory for LAWSON?

EVERY MURDER COMMITTED in the name of the Western Federation of Miners, and all the incendiary doctrines identified with it, can be traced home to less than fifty, almost to less than ten, out of the ninety thousand members. Upon the rank and file, and especially upon those to whom superior intelligence brings the obligation of responsibility, rests now the heavy duty of drastic purging, of putting the Federation upon a basis which shall engage the respect and approval of the impartial. That this is possible is **THE W. F. M.** proved by the experience of Butte, which, with the largest mining population of any city in the West, and with the most powerful local union in the Federation, has never had a strike. Reorganization under new officers, with formal repudiation of the doctrines of violence which are the slogan of the present régime, is the only price by which this labor organization may escape the just anger of a public opinion more powerful than the lawless acts of the Mine Owners' Association and the State of Colorado.

THE FIRST CITIZEN of our little world of letters went abroad the other day to receive from Oxford a Doctor's degree. This old gentleman, who is seventy-two years old now—a lanky, almost a rustic, figure, with a great brush of white hair and bushy white brows overhanging the inscrutable humor of his eyes—carried no ambassador's credentials. He had never done anything more violent or heroic than to make people of many different tongues smile and occasionally weep a little over what he wrote. And yet when he reached England the King himself received him, he dined with the staff of "Punch" and with the Pilgrims' Club; England's proudest university gave him perhaps the most precious honor such a man could covet, and the whole nation, as it were, paused, as he went by, to greet him and do him reverence. In a busy, and often **MARK TWAIN** ungrateful, world this was a thing very wonderful and beautiful. It was not the careless applause of a crowd that was amused. **MARK TWAIN** said nothing very funny over there. Any music-hall comedian, any American jockey allowed to talk to their reporters as freely for as many days, could have given us more "laughs," delivered more quotable "lines." It was rather as though, in this great man's old age, a selfish and often sordid world had momentarily bethought itself of its gratitude and duty, and to a man who had worked hard and faithfully, to an artist who all his life had given to the world his humor, his kindness, his heart, himself, it was trying as best it could to give something of the same kind in return.

TO US AMERICANS, who profess to take little stock in regal flubdub, is there not a special significance in the quality of the figure about whom these extraordinary tributes were showered? Blinded by the distant prospect of such honors, little men perennially sell themselves—to a patron, to squeamishness, conventionality, fashionable forms. They peer ahead and plan, pull wires, and creep about from foothold to foothold. They make their whole lives spiritually a negation through their fear of making a mistake. Here is a man who has been himself from first to last. Put the worst construction on it you will; grant that all these unrestrained individualities would be held mere posing in a younger and less gifted man, that every little successful story-writer of the day would give up his cheap sophistica-



tion and go in for simplicity and homeliness if they gave him only a certain piquancy and he could make them pay. However you choose to account for it, here, nevertheless, is the impressive fact. The man who was dined by the burghers of Liverpool was the same who made Joan of Arc a brave, pitiful girl of flesh and blood; the man who talked to the King

SINCERITY was only Huck Finn of Hannibal, Missouri, only the Mississippi pilot, grown older and white-haired.

In a world where existence is not altogether easy, few, perhaps, can afford to do as they would like. But it is none the less impressive when it does come—this spectacle of the conventional world heaping honors on a man who to the end has remained true to himself and his impulses, wholly, almost amusingly, free.

I WOULD NOT BE THE MAN who could not rob an Indian" is a jocosity frequently heard in Indian Territory and Oklahoma. In the matter of cheating Indians and acquiring public lands in ways which bear all the ethical aspects of theft, there is no public or private morality, either in Oklahoma or any other of those Western States where Indians and public lands continue to exist. Because the Indian is simple-minded, susceptible to whisky, and no match for an unscrupulous white man in driving a bargain, Congress decreed that the unrestricted sale of land by an Indian shall not be valid. For the removal of this restriction against buying and selling Indian lands, a movement is now being backed by the Oklahoma Chambers of Commerce. Fortunately it is possible to judge by experience what would be

LAND HUNGER the result of this movement. In 1904 Congress allowed the Freedmen, who, as ex-slaves of the Indians, held land in Indian Territory, to alienate their allotments. Within sixty days after the law became effective ninety per cent of these holdings had passed into the hands of land speculators. In that brief period the Oklahoma Chambers of Commerce found out what real prosperity was, but the full-bloods took alarm and begged for restrictive legislation. The McCumber amendment passed by Congress in 1906, prohibiting alienation until the expiration of twenty-five years in the case of the full-blood, was the result. For the repeal of it, the Oklahoma commercial bodies will make the valiant fight of the hungry. This is not the only case where vigilance is needed from the friends of a square deal for the Indian.

MR. JAMES BRYCE makes a serious charge, by implication, against the average educated man. Speaking of work that women may properly and profitably take up, Mr. Bryce suggests a thorough and serious study of literature, the development of a fine, critical taste, and, on the other side of the shield, a courageous handling of the social and economic problems that arise when great wealth and poverty are sharply contrasted. Women, says the British Ambassador, may deal with intemperance, vagrancy, truancy, unsanitary housing, badly adjusted wage systems, and bad working conditions as effectually as with a literary taste that craves only the ephemeral and the sensational. True.

WOMEN'S WORK But most of these are the very problems which college professors tell men they must meet when they "go out into the world." Mr. Bryce is an old man and a shrewd observer. His experience leads him to believe that men forget to settle these matters of taste, neglect the larger duty of making the working world pleasanter, and vaguely and uneasily refer them to their womenfolks. "Too busy" is a poor excuse for the educated man. The average educated woman could use it just as reasonably. Perhaps what Mr. Bryce meant, and was too polite to say, is that women are, on the whole, as well or better fitted to advance plain humanity than men. At any rate, a growing number of earnest women are acting on that theory, and the world is the better for their efforts.

I WOULD TO GOD, sighed Falstaff, "thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought." If fat Jack and his friend Hal had survived the corroding years, one JOHN O'HARA, a Denver mining broker, might have fitted the pair out with good names a-plenty. When eleven enthusiastic promoters of the Lost Bullion Spanish Mines Company, the history of which is briefly told on another page, were recently

indicted by the postal authorities for fraud, O'HARA was one of the take. The inspectors found that he was proprietor of "a commodity of good names" that implied a high order of imagination. "The Modern Securities Company" and "The Gold Bond Investment Company" were his own disguises. Under them he unloaded on the investing public stock in "The Blackbird," "Lost Dollar," "Forest Queen," and "Surprise" of Boulder County, Colorado; he promoted the "Red Butte," "Golden Horseshoe," "Golden Dream," "Goldfield Liberty," and the "Pure Gold" companies of Goldfield, Nevada; and, at last, he ventured to descend to earth with "The O'Hara Mountain and Copper Company," which was to win wealth from the Grapevine Mountains of Nevada. O'HARA's imagination is no more gifted than that of a dozen other "mine" promoters; he is distinguished from them only by the fact that the Post-office lightning hasn't got around to the others yet.

IS THE AVERAGE VILLAGE the most difficult place in which to "bring up" a boy? The farm boy is sent alone with the team into the wood lot two miles back in the hills, and told simply to get wood. He deals with broken harness, a balky horse, trees new-fallen across the road; fails, gives up, cries, arises, and two hours late for dinner comes out with a load of wood and an increment of character good for life. The city boy sees every one doing something intensively, feels, like the farm boy, the isolation of his own personality, and finally takes off his coat and goes

BRINGING UP A BOY in to play the game. The village youth, however, is likely to lean on one foot for years in a group of his kind, wondering what they would say if he made a move. Having the farm's cloddiness, without its daily call to the individual mastery of problems, and the city's social closeness without its incessant urge to achievement, is not the village in special need of revivification and healthful stimuli?

IF YOU HAD MONEY and were interested in such a village, what would you do? We have heard of such a man, who did have money and was something of a philosopher. He studied this village of his until he saw it as a living organism, with nerves, appetites, and a circulating fluid, and that this organism had its periods of growth and of lethargy, of sickness and of productiveness. And with this came the irresistible conclusion that the community was *at its best when most playful*. He knew that he might have mistaken cause and effect, but the apparent coincidence remained—its periods of financial strength, moral soundness, effective charities, youthful right marrying, home building, and output to higher education corresponded with periods of enthusiastic baseball, brass bands, proud hose companies, elaborate holidays, dancing in the town hall, croquet, wrestling, swimming, and picnics:

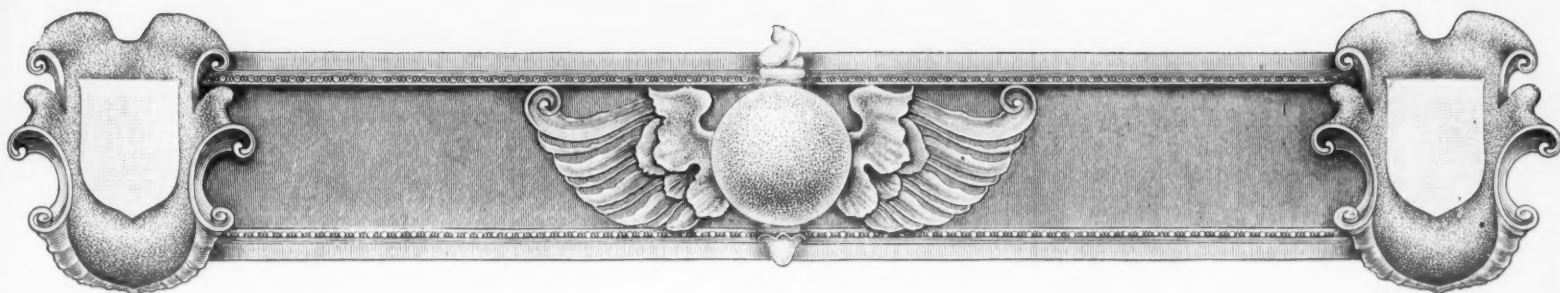
"So [he writes] I have given not a library, nor a church (though I am known as an average faithful churchman) nor an old folks' home, nor a cemetery fountain with a vacant niche, but fifteen acres of playground. It lies in level green splendor, immediately below the town, and ends in a fine grove at the river bank.

WHAT ONE MAN DID "Come with me a little into the years. It is Saturday afternoon. The 'Stars' are practising for the deciding game of the season. The bleachers are filling, teams arriving from the country side. Two other diamonds are in use, and 'four-old-cat' flourishes along the sides. Further down, the high-school boys and girls flit across a dozen tennis courts, and the mothers, prettily clothed, are coming down to sit under the trees. Baby carriages are numerous along the sharp-edged shadow of the wood, and the sand heaps are alive with three-year-olds. Swings flash among the trees, and a picnic party is just debouching into the grove. Beyond the boat and bath houses the springboards whirl over the water and hardly come to rest. Four old men are pitching quoits in the midst of a group of their peers, and there comes the band!

"The countenances of the people show smoothed and younger, but the faces of the mothers are best to look on. Ah, the women! They shall after all take most from this. Get them right in a community and the rest is pretty nearly sure to come right. No one as yet has half told what value a family derives from taking the mother to a gala day in the open. The men see, but the women absorb, and, radium-like, give off from the hoard of the day, for long after, a gentle emanation of love and kindness.

"Not more policemen for our town, nor a bigger roadhouse, but more play and music and blurted laughter; less love-making in dark parlors, and more freckles and full voices, free clothing and open windows."

If these things come with playgrounds, the problem for which the Sage Foundation was given is already, to this extent, solved.



Cause and effect are here hard to trace. Mere vitality counts for so much. The President plays tennis, rides, and chops down trees when not running the Government. Not every tennis player, however, gets to be President. The essential thing is not the playground, but the desire to use it. And in this way such a bequest helps. If the presence of a playground can awaken in lethargic villagers the desire to go out and beat each other at tennis and baseball, the same increment of initiative may extend itself to other and more important things.

THE CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO, casting about for some one to remake their broken municipal government and to reconstruct their ruined city, were seriously considering one MACARTHUR, labor leader, for temporary Mayor. In view of the odium which RUEF, SCHMITZ, and their allied criminals have cast upon the name of union labor in San Francisco, this is a compliment not only to MACARTHUR, but also to legitimate trade-unionism. The working men of San Francisco, as working men have done elsewhere, went mad with theories. Those demagogues and political opportunists who fasten on union labor

LABOR AND POLITICS

for the magic that is in the name turned this enthusiasm to their own corrupt purposes and to the purposes of corrupt capitalists. The union plumbers, masons, bricklayers, carpenters, waiters, longshoremen, were victims, not accomplices, of SCHMITZ and RUEF. All this time certain real labor leaders like MACARTHUR have kept their hands from picking and stealing and gone ahead, doing the best in their power for their class and its common good. It was not likely that San Francisco would take MACARTHUR. The city needs not only an honest and able man, but a man of education in the larger activities of business. Nevertheless, this complimentary mention of MACARTHUR indicates that, in spite of SCHMITZ, there are labor leaders who deserve and have public confidence.

TWO YEARS AGO, SOCIALISM had been the third party in the last national election; its alliance with the unions had made it popular with the labor element, and the ruthless manner in which a few conspicuous pirates of finance had warped existing laws to fit their purpose attracted that class which the Russians call "intellectuals." It was a panacea in the tenements, a fad in the mansions. Now, Socialism as a propaganda is dead or sleeping. President ROOSEVELT and the "awakened public conscience" have done something toward straightening out the erring capitalists, and the revelations in Boise and San Francisco have made labor unionism, as a factor in politics, unpopular. If Socialists MOYER, HAYWOOD, and PETTIBONE are guilty as charged by ORCHARD, then what they have done is the unpardonable sin in America—violence for political ends. RUEF and SCHMITZ are undeniably guilty; it is not necessary to surmise anything there. They have proved to American voters that men elected in the name of labor may outdo the tools of what LAWSON called The System in corruption, enmity to the common good, and the use of public confidence for private profit.

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ONE DEEP DEFECT in the method of American Socialists keeps them from going far. They are trying to advance their cause on a system of reasoning which the world abandoned fifty years ago. In the early nineteenth century your statesman found a theory ready made to his hand. Were it State rights, free soil, abolition, he seized upon it, and proceeded to gather facts to prove it. CHARLES DARWIN, the gigantic mentor of his age, taught a better way to science, and modern science, without conscious effort, taught it to politics. Search, investigate, keep an open mind, and, at the end of your research, establish your theory which shall not even then be an incontrovertible thing, but only a working hypothesis. That is the method of all large modern statecraft; party names are only tools in this method. The militant American Socialists reverse this. Somewhere in the early twenties, the typical Socialist leader seizes upon the old, abandoned theory. He embraces it, all of it. There is no fault in it. His comrades can do no wrong. Are MOYER and HAYWOOD accused of murder? They must be innocent; it must be a cap-

FALLACIOUS REASONING

italistic plot. Every flaw in the body politic is the fault of grasping capital. Curiously, some of their most intelligent leaders—one thinks of JACK LONDON as an exemplar—are loud in their admiration of the evolutionary doctrine, while rejecting in their politics the method of him who worked out that doctrine.

italistic plot. Every flaw in the body politic is the fault of grasping capital. Curiously, some of their most intelligent leaders—one thinks of JACK LONDON as an exemplar—are loud in their admiration of the evolutionary doctrine, while rejecting in their politics the method of him who worked out that doctrine.

"ALL MODERN ADVERTISING," writes the Rev. JAMES E. CLARKE, editor of the "Cumberland Presbyterian," "seems to be based upon the principle that goods must be misrepresented." Ninety-nine one-hundredths of all the printed exploitation of business, he estimates, conforms to this standard. Perhaps "estimates" is hardly a fair word; it implies a form of consideration, of care, of study, and of comparison with which the religious editor, in this case, can hardly be credited. Stress of feeling, rather, would seem to enter into his percentage, for the Rev. Mr. CLARKE is trying, in the face of his Church's official censure of patent-medicine advertising, to excuse this source of income, and his excuse takes the form that if medical advertising is mostly fraudulent, so is all other advertising. We hasten to defend him against a possible unkind implication which his statement might invite from the uncharitable. Even the advertising in his own "Cumberland Presbyterian," which maintains a standard by no means rigid, is not ninety-nine one-hundredths fraudulent, by the severest interpretation. It is not fifty one-hundredths fraudulent; we should hesitate to say that it was ten one-hundredths fraudulent. As for the general field, will the Rev. Mr. CLARKE point out one single publication, religious, lay, daily, weekly, or monthly, which can be figured down to his damnatory fraction? This is said in all seriousness, for we purpose to take up this question of good and bad faith in the advertising field at large, believing with the "Cumberland Presbyterian's" editor that "we should not condemn one class for a method which is condoned in others." Like an earlier zealot, he has said in his haste that all men are liars, or nearly all, in this great phase of modern commercial life. If, as did the Scriptural ruler, he will take slower thought, presumably he will modify his estimate. Take your morning paper, reverend sir, add to it your favorite magazine, put in your own publication to help the average, set down the advertising figures on your slate, and compute them carefully. Even if you don't do the sum quite right this time, surely you can come nearer to the correct answer than your grotesque claim that practically all advertisers are guilty of misrepresentation.

ADVERTISING

DECEPTION THERE IS, in advertising, as in all dealings between the imperfect human animal and his equally imperfect fellow. It is lessening with the spread of intelligence. Some, that is still conspicuous in print, is unnecessary, and hence incredibly stupid. For example, take certain recent exploitations of "Grape-Nuts" and its fellow article "Postum," put out by the same concern. One widely circulated paragraph labors to produce the impression that "Grape-Nuts" will obviate the necessity of an operation in appendicitis. This is lying, and, potentially, deadly lying. Similarly, "Postum" continually makes reference to the endorsements of "a distinguished physician," or "a prominent health official," persons as mythical, doubtless, as they are mysterious. Here are two articles of food which, unless there is some secret reason against it, should sell on their merits. Yet their manufacturer persists in insulting the intelligence and alienating the support of people who might otherwise purchase them. "I've stopped taking Grape-Nuts since it became a patent medicine," said an acquaintance of ours recently. The editor of a prominent religious journal, writing of the cancellation of certain patent-medicine contracts, says: "I have sometimes the same feeling toward the Postum advertisements, and those of Grape-Nuts. . . . The manner in which they are pushed, and the phraseology used to commend them, constantly cause me annoyance." If these breakfast foods desire to be classed in the public mind with the fraudulent and failing patent medicines, they are taking the proper steps to that end. But isn't it worth their while to stop and consider whether, in the long run, it will pay to identify themselves with a class of merchandise which has no other selling power, save only that which it derives, at an enormous outlay and an increasing risk, from mendacious claims?

FUTILITY

of your research, establish your theory which shall not even then be an incontrovertible thing, but only a working hypothesis. That is the method of all large modern statecraft; party names are only tools in this method. The militant American Socialists reverse this. Somewhere in the early twenties, the typical Socialist leader seizes upon the old, abandoned theory. He embraces it, all of it. There is no fault in it. His comrades can do no wrong. Are MOYER and HAYWOOD accused of murder? They must be innocent; it must be a cap-



HE REMINDS US OF DEMOSTHENES AT HIS BEST.—*The South Bend Bugle*



HE IS A HERO OF THE FIRST WATER.—*The Terre Haute Planet*



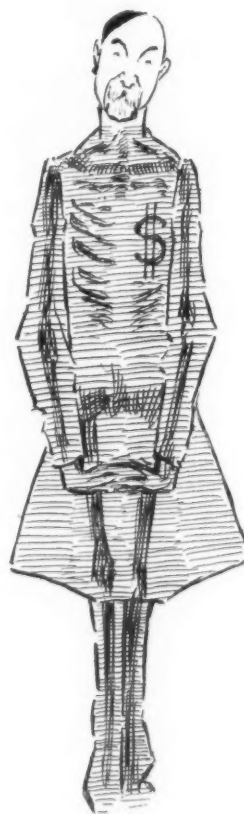
HE LOVES THE FARMER, AND IS CONTINUALLY SCATTERING SEED FOR THOUGHT IN HIS WAY.—*The Evansville Clarion*



HE LOVES TO PICTURE THE SCENES OF HIS CHILDHOOD, HOWEVER HUMBLE.—*The Marion Howler*



HE CAN BE AS BLITHE AND SPIRITED ON A GLASS OF BUTTERMILK AS OTHERS CAN ON STRONG DRINK.—*The Wabash Moon*



HE HAS A SIMPLE, TRANSPARENT NATURE AND A HEART OF GOLD.—*The Eel River Sunfish*

Kemble

SOME TESTIMONIALS FROM THE INDIANA PRESS

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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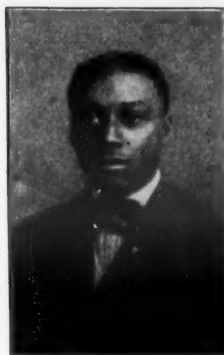


The rural negro that Gov. Vardaman sees

WILLIAMS-VARDAMAN CAMPAIGN

"Jawn Shawp's" friends say that it is a contest of "brains agin ha'r," while "Gov'nah Jim" has raised an entirely new "nigger" issue to catch the "Red Neck" vote of the flatlands

By FREDERICK PALMER



The town-bred negro that the North sees

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS of Mississippi he is called in Washington, and "Jawn Shawp" of Yazoo in his home country, where the broiling sun draws the cotton plants out of the rich delta lands. Occasionally Samp Giddings comes to town from the swamps to give him advice. Samp is a lean Red Neck and a veteran of the late unpleasantness. Only once did he ever ask a political favor.

"Jawn Shawp," he said, as he slouched on to the Williams porch in the spring of 1892, "I heah the Yankees have had to call in the Confeds to he'p 'em whip the Spaniards. My shouldah's been itchin' evah since I hea'd the news—an' I've been votin' fo' you, Jawn Shawp, right regularly. These yere recruitin' officers say I'm too old. Jawn Shawp, I kim ovah to see if you couldn't use yoah influence up to Washington an' fix it so's I could tote a musket ag'in 'fo' I die. Yis, seh, my shouldah's a-itchin'—an' I've been voting fo' you right regularly, Jawn Shawp."

Mr. Williams passed the word to Mr. McKinley, with a description of Samp's personality, and the President passed the word to the War Department, which made an exception of Samp, who served through its campaign with a volunteer regiment in the Philippines and saw young men go sick and die while he kept well.

Two or three years after he was mustered out he reappeared on the Williams porch, and, following some preliminary talk about the cotton crop, he began:

"Jawn Shawp, I heah yoah becomin' a right pow'ful man in Washington, an', Jawn Shawp, I heah all the Yankees aire gettin' a pension. Now, yo' don't reckon—"

"You get out," said John Sharp. "You're positively immoral."

Samp departed, shaking his head gravely. He had nothing further to say to John Sharp until this summer. Time had dealt gently with him. He was a little more withered, a little lankier, but seemingly still equal to toting a musket.

Not Running with Republicans

"JAWN SHAWP, I heah you want to go to that Yankee Senate. I reckon it's 'cause yo'ah gettin' proud. This yere Vardaman's oratin' around quite lively. I heah some of his friends sayin' yo' run with the Republicans too much to please 'em, Jawn Shawp. But I tol' 'em I knowed from pussional experience they was wrong. If you had run with the Republicans you'd a got me that pension, bekase all the Republicans get pensions, and it keeps us folks down South pore growin' cotton to pay 'em."

Having delivered his message, Samp departed. He was half-way out of the yard when he stopped and drawled back over his shoulder:

"There ain't no Vardaman men down our way. I ain't permittin' none."

He continued a few steps farther and stopped a second time:

"Brains agin ha'r," he said aloud to the world in general. "That air ain't no political issue. It's what them Yankee doctors-out in the Philippines 'd call a sanitehy issue. Get him into a joint debate, Jawn Shawp. He needs a right smart barberin', so the public kin see the shape o' his haid."

That great debate—a never-to-be-forgotten event of Mississippi history—took place on July 4. The direct primaries which will decide between the rivals will be held on August 1. Up and down the State, afternoon and evening, the two are spell-binding. Whichever is chosen will not take his seat till 1911. Mississippi is a conservative State. Her Legislature meets only once in four years, and her Senators elect have time to pause and consider before they take office.



JAMES K. VARDAMAN
Speaking in his joint debate with Williams

Mississippi is, moreover, distinctly American. In Meridian, where the debate was held, I met only one man of foreign birth. He was a Greek, of whom I bought bananas, and his broken English was as much of a surprise as unbroken English would be on the east side in New York. Messrs. Marks, Rothenberg & Company, who own the White Palace—cheapest prices and highest quality—I presume may have had some ancestral connections in Hamburg and Jerusalem, but a few years' residence in Meridian will wholly Americanize them. In Mississippi assimilation is the most rapid of any State. It is the Northerner with six months' residence who holds the most violent views on the race problem.

There is no need of immigration to keep up the increase of white population. You do not ask a married man if he has any children; you ask how many. A gentlewoman young for her years will tell you that she has seven in a quiet, matter-of-fact way that ought to stifle some of the alarm in the White House.

Mississippi, which has few minerals, few manufactures, no mountains, bounded by a river which carries little of its commerce, and with idle seaports, is a kingdom of itself within the nation. In the simple moralities as well as in purity of the blood of her people, and in many reforms, she is ahead of her sister States. Her State government is said to be free of corruption. Aside from direct primaries she has made universal prohibition by local option, which shows that the majority of the people everywhere are for temperance. If Vardaman, out-Tillmaning Tillman on the "nigger," suggested a State dispensary, he would be sent to the woods.

"You know, of course, of the poor white element," explained a business man. "They call them red necks, because their necks are red from working in the sun. The old distinction between white men was that of the gentleman slave owner and the white man who worked with his hands. The red neck was an under dog. We want him to improve. The racial situation requires that he should. We want to save him from himself, and prohibition is a means to that end. That explains our lack of hospitality, and why nobody offers you a mint julep. The real home of the mint julep to-day is in New York."

He was giving up his time to work for Williams; his time, but not his money. Little money is being used on either side. The campaign is being fought with argument and emotion, and is as intense as that of Hughes against Hearst in New York. In the value they place on the franchise white Mississippians fulfil the idea of democracy. They do not have to be coaxed to vote. They gladly pay for the privilege. They are reminded by their racial position every day of the preciousness of their ballot. Voting is a practical affair of self-interest like paying the interest on the mortgage, locking the barn, or sending the children to school.

Negro Question Already Settled

IT ought to make Tim Sullivan of New York more grateful for the benefits he has received in his home city to know that there is in one State a law requiring every voter to pay a poll tax of three dollars and announce his residence nine months before the election. Such a provision on which the long hair of a Vardaman thrives would cut the Samson curls of many a ward boss in the North by eliminating the bums, the floaters, and the purchasables.

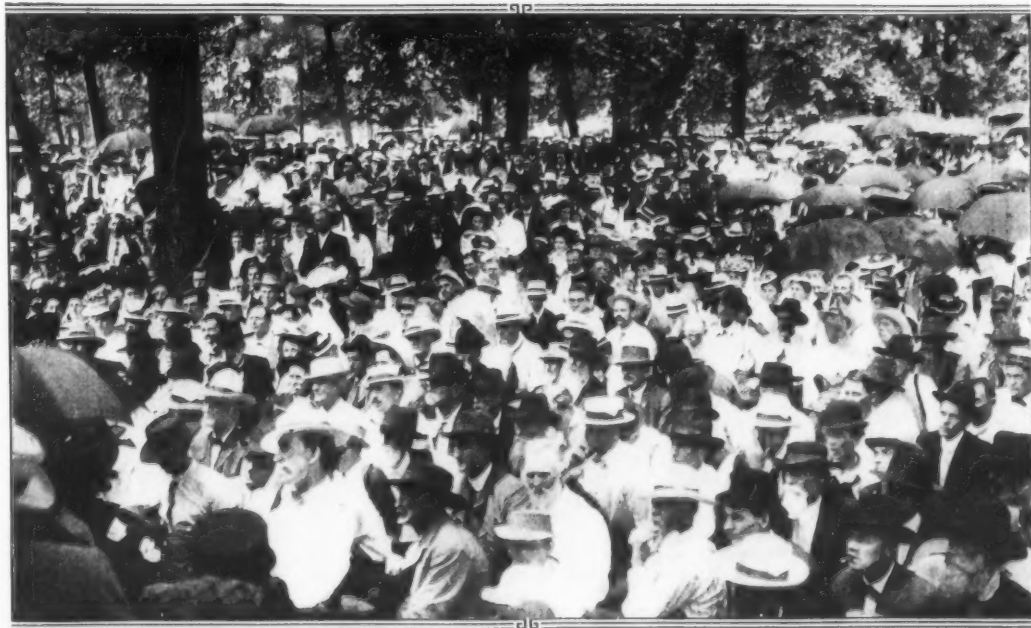
Nor can the party pay the three dollars in Mississippi. It is too poor to afford such a luxury. The tax was framed against the negro, whose nature the framer of the clause, Senator George, well knew, as time has proved. The negro does not qualify, and every white

man, however poor, does. "The grandfathers' clause" of other States is an institution out of keeping with Mississippi radicalism. If the poll tax should fail, the negro meets this obstacle in the Constitution:

"Every elector shall be able to read the Constitution of this State, or he shall be able to understand the same when read to him, or give a reasonable interpretation thereof."

With whites as judges of what is a reasonable interpretation, white supremacy is made final, thanks to the concurrence of the Supreme Court of the United States in the constitutionality of the Mississippi Constitution. As the negro does not vote at all, the conclusion of the outsider is that the negro question is already settled in Mississippi. That is the contention of John Sharp Williams. He would turn to other things. But Vardaman has made the negro the vital issue, once more arousing all the embers of old fires to flame.

He proposes to carry his "Mississippi idea" to Con-



AUDIENCE LISTENING TO THE JOINT DEBATE BETWEEN THE CANDIDATES AT MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI

gress, and to give his time in the Senate unremittingly to agitation for the repeal of the Fifteenth Article of the Constitution of the United States, which gave the negro the ballot. He prop ses that hereafter whatever education the blacks receive they must pay for. He would allot the school funds to the whites and the blacks in ratio to the property tax each pays. The principle of impartiality of allotment to children of school age regardless of color the South has thus far maintained throughout its poverty and bitter experience. This is an immeasurable tribute to its sense of justice. As fewer negro than white children choose to go to school, and as the negroes, therefore, need fewer schoolhouses, frequently a black teacher receives double the pay of a white teacher in the same town. Meanwhile, the white teacher would not dare to leave his wife alone in an isolated house, and he does much hard thinking, which does not appear in the Northern press.

An Orderly "Fou'th o' July Speakin'"

IN the intervening twenty-four hours before the function I heard a deal of talk about "shooting scrapes" which would be the inevitable result of political passion running high. A program which was in keeping with classic report was hospitably suggested to the visitor from afar.

"Some of the boys from the swamps will bring their jugs," I was told, "and the kind you get from the jug acts right lively. I reckon a right smart number of folks will be huht."

"Now, you aren't about to tell me the story," I had to say for self-protection, "of the only man in a Mississippi crowd that had a gun being a Northern drummer, are you?"

No one, so far as I could see, was armed. No one was injured and no one arrested. Perhaps half a dozen men were drunk. Otherwise a meeting of bishops could not have been more sedate. Many of the younger element went to the ball game before they saw the candidates pitch arguments, and this may have accounted for a worldly cry in the midst of Williams's speech:

"You'ah suah onto his curves and battin' a home run with every strike, Jawn Shawp!" which, barring the accent, might have been spoken in Maine and reminded me that we are still the United States of baseball if not of Tuskegee.

The setting was the same as that for Fourth of July oratory throughout the country on that day. A stand facing some rows of rough board seats had been erected in a grove. A marked difference was the presence of nothing but faces of the distinct racial United States type. All present were thankful for the broiling sun. It made the cotton grow while the arguments proceeded. In wagons and buggies whole families drove in overnight in order to be early for the "speakin'."

On the front seats were many Confederate veterans. But one I know refused to come, although he lived in the town itself. He had served through the whole war, and year after year he had voted for one of his old leaders. Now he had come to the Rubicon.

"They didn't neither of 'em fit in the wah," he said.

A new generation has come, even in the South. If Southern orators are to continue to fight over the old battles they must do it second hand. After Vardaman dwelt at length on the fact that he was the son of a veteran, John Sharp, whose father was killed in action, responded: "My father didn't come back. But I know that if he had he would not have wanted me to recommend my candidacy for the United States Senate on the strength of his deeds."

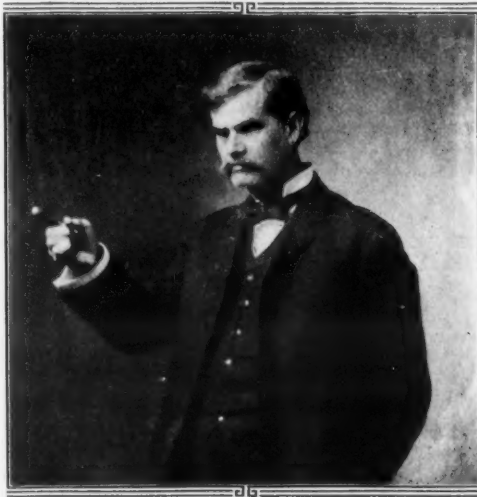
Professor and Herb Doctor

WHEN the speakers arrived there came first a small man with bushy gray hair and mustache. Then there came a tall, long-haired man, who looked as if he might be a professor of elocution and an herb doctor in one. He was conspicuous in the white suit he always wears, without discarding the ceremonial black felt hat. The red necks yelled. They did not yell as long as the Hearst Independence League Convention. For one thing, they were not as well organized, and for another, either wool hats are more cooling than straw to the brain, or else the Mississippi temperament permits of less elation than the cold North. But they yelled pretty well, with that far-reaching yell we once called rebel; and Vardaman bowed with the well-known demagogic deprecation, North or South, which says, with a wink of the eye: "Keep it up. I like it, boys!"

Meanwhile, little John Sharp had on his spectacles and was looking at his notes. In his black alpaca coat, with his old-fashioned winged standing collar and string tie, he was the strangest of all the political impersonations of the "money power" I have ever met. But the "money power"—to the enemy—he is in this campaign—and the aristocrat, too.

Vardaman has often scored by declaring that as a boy Williams had never gone barefoot, and known a real stone bruise; moreover, he does not eat greens with a knife, which was the slogan of familiarity on which "Anse" McLaurin won the Senatorship. Anse ate them so naturally that way that no one ever questioned his sincerity.

Money power! Why, they say that the two Williams brothers have as much as twelve to fifteen thousand a year between them. With large families to support, they are not rushing about in red automobiles. John has followed a public career all his life in the manner of Jefferson Davis, Alexander Stevens, and the older statesmen of the South. His wants are so simple that he does not need much money. Usually you will find him throughout the summer months in Yazoo, "fo-evah readin' books an' talkin' politics," as Samp Giddings says. The advantages of foreign education and travel,



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

Who is opposed to reopening the negro question in Congress

the effects of long residence in Washington, only contribute to make him more of a Mississippian. He does not find Yazoo hot. It is the only place in which he feels at home.

The little man was to speak two hours, Vardaman two hours, followed by a rejoinder of thirty minutes and a surrejoinder of fifteen. In his opening speech John Sharp offered to give up every one of his own dates for speaking and meet his opponent on his opponent's dates every day until the close of the campaign.

If the Governor was so confident that he could bring

against railroad wrecks, iniquitous trusts, and tariffs, and all things bad, without qualification, and after a half hour devoted to national issues he turned to his mission with all the fire of a mountain evangelist. He compared the President of the United States to a skunk; he said he wished that he were living under the Stars and Bars instead of the Stars and Stripes.

A peculiar ambassador, a man with such opinions, for a State to send forth to convince the necessary three-fourths of the States to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment! But the people of the North and West have scarcely heard of his program. It serves his local purpose.

For his followers Vardaman is a voice articulating the thoughts they can not express. The poor white works under the sun in fields adjoining those where the negro works. His horizon is bounded by black. Vardaman would make the horizon still blacker. He is moved to tears as he pictures the poor white hoeing corn to earn taxes to pay for the education which makes "niggers" worthless and vicious; education which makes his wife no safer from attack.

Vardaman the Voice of the "Red Necks"

PACING back and forth, now wringing his hands, now throwing them into the air, now running them through his raven shock, facile in phrases expressing the monstrosity of the crime or its horror to its victim, "Gov'nah Jim" described a typical negro outrage on a white woman. He was making an incantation rather than a speech. His canny watchfulness of his audience's mood reminded me of an East Indian fakir. His yellow skin, his black hair, his dilating nostrils startled the listener with the paradox of a man who was not pure white as a master in the art of rousing the passions of the white race against the black. I recalled many dark-skinned orators, with their floridity of expression, their mixed and wordy metaphors, and their wild flights without regard to any sequence of thought, and I conceived of Vardaman as entirely at home leading an orgy at a negro camp meeting.

"He is touched with the tar brush himself, isn't he?" I asked.

"No, it is Indian," his friends informed me.

It was said of Alexandre Dumas père, who had negro blood, that he would act as his own colored coachman in order to attract attention. At a recent revival in Jackson Vardaman went to the bench and eloquently asked to be prayed for.

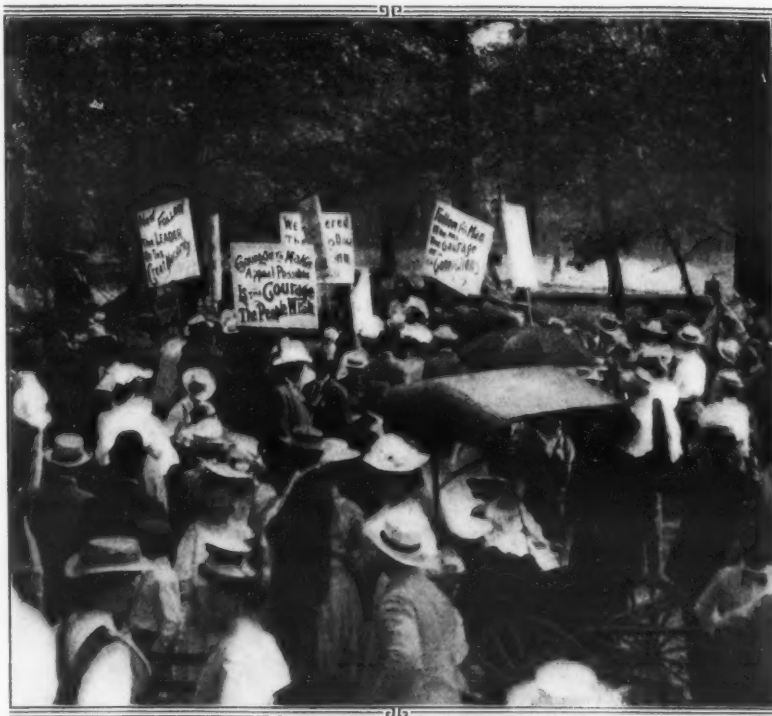
In all the crowd there was not a single negro. Afar you saw one walking by or driving a mule or a skinny, broken-down horse; a mulatto in gay apparel of city smartness, or a coal-black African on humble mission, who did not seem to know that he was being damned or care if he were. And though no negro was present it was the spectre of a black face that presided over that gathering and has presided over every political gathering for forty years in Mississippi.

Williams's rejoinder was a masterpiece of extempore logic; and something better. In the North he has been known as an uncompromising Southerner who stood inviolably on the right of the white race to direct an inferior race. Through his quiet, persistent influence more than that of any other Democratic member the Crumpacker bill, the latest effort to force the negro as a national issue, was stifled. He remarked to his adversary that none of his points had been answered; that it took no courage to swim with the current or to revive memories of ill-will or to open old wounds. He said that he was willing to give up hope of political preferment in order to rid Mississippi forever of its negro population and willing to accept the decreased representation in Congress which might result, if he could repeal the Fifteenth Amendment.

"Jawn Shawp's Straight Talk"

BUT he was not ready to make the negro question the football of national politics. He would not agitate for the repeal because he would not attempt the impossible; because there was better work to do for all concerned. By the *quasi* consent of a part and the indifference of the rest the majority of the Northern people had been satisfied to leave the South to deal with the problem. As a member of the Senate it would not be his duty to arouse Northern animosity, but to teach the white race to use its intelligence, by virtue of which it ruled the black race, in better agriculture, in organization of industry, and in improvements of every kind. Negro domination was a dead issue. Bury the dead issue deeper by taking up live issues. John Sharp talked as a counselor, not an agitator.

In his surrejoinder Vardaman forgot the debate. He pressed his two hands over his heart. He looked aloft to high heaven in invocation. Then he beat his heart with staccato gestures as he promised to give over his career to making the negro a legal serf. His red neck followers said he was certainly a great orator; and they carried him to his carriage. But some of the audience had listened intently when Williams was giving them "straight talk." They came to "Jawn Shawp" and shook his hand earnestly. Possibly they had caught a glimpse of the national sun through the blanket of fog, of which "Bloody Shirt" Foraker holds the Northern end and Vardaman the Southern.



VARDAMAN'S FOLLOWERS CARRYING HIM TO HIS CARRIAGE AFTER THE DEBATE

THE MOYER-HAYWOOD CASE

VIII.—WHAT HAS BEEN BROUGHT OUT IN HAYWOOD'S TRIAL

This week's article merely attempts an analysis of the testimony adduced to July 16

By C. P. CONNOLLY

BOISE, IDAHO, July 16

THERE is one thing that can truthfully be said of this Idaho trial. Howsoever men may differ as to the method by which these labor leaders were brought to the bar of Idaho justice, that justice, so far, has been even, fair, and liberal. The rule of law which permitted the State to introduce evidence of a series of crimes in order, if possible, to connect the defendant with the murder of former Governor Steunenberg, has been invoked also by the defense to bring out evidence of an alleged conspiracy on the part of mine owners to wipe out a labor organization which had been too aggressive. Much of this testimony would seem to lack connection with any conspiracy, but it has been admitted.

The story of Harry Orchard was not materially weakened. On the contrary, it was at many points strengthened. Except for two or three witnesses whose testimony was so apparently frank and trustworthy that they may be said to have impeached him, the attempt to shake his testimony on the part of the other witnesses reacted against the defense. Some of these impeaching witnesses established an intimate relationship between Orchard and Haywood, evidence of which, before, was confined mostly to Orchard's own statements.

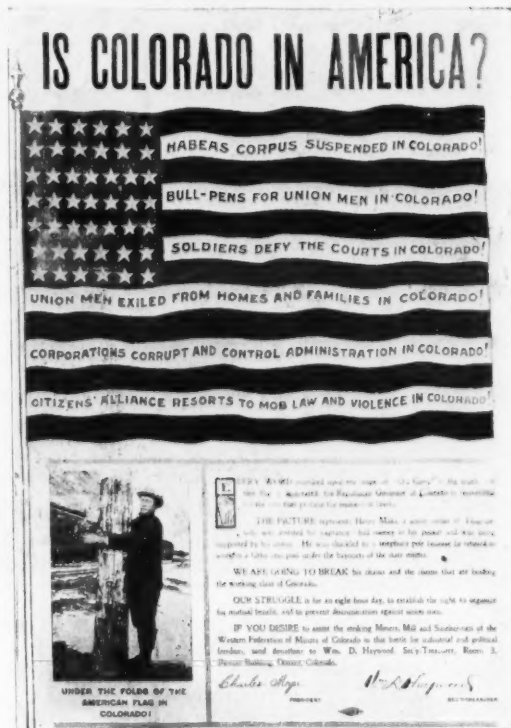
Another feature of the defense was the overreaching of some of the testimony. A host of witnesses testified to threats made by Orchard against Steunenberg, the ground for the threats being that when Orchard was forced to leave the Coeur d'Alenes on account of the destruction of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mill he was compelled to sacrifice his one-sixteenth interest in the Hercules mine situated in that district; that the mine afterward proved a bonanza, and Orchard laid his poverty at the door of Steunenberg. But Orchard had sold his interest in the Hercules property, as he testified, two years before the blowing up of the mill, and thought at the time he was driving a good bargain. Notwithstanding this, according to the testimony of the defense, there appears to have been on his mind but one burden—revenge on Steunenberg. Every corner that he turned in his subsequent career he was found by some witness breathing vengeance.

I think, setting aside for the present the testimony of Orchard, it is the opinion of constant and intelligent observers of the trial that the impression made by the witnesses for the State was uniformly good. This can not be said of all the witnesses for the defense. Too many of them broke down pitifully on cross-examination, and most of these were the important witnesses for the defense.

The manner of others was suspicious. Some were patently lying. There was a striking contrast between the manner of the defense's witnesses who testified to deportations and outrages in the Cripple Creek region and those whose testimony was relied upon to discredit Orchard's story. It was a contrast that did not augur well for the defense. Those witnesses who failed by their testimony to discredit Orchard only strengthened his story the more. It is the old story of the alibi too well established for intelligent credence.

The Lack of Direct Proof

THE State corroborated Orchard's story at various points in connection with other crimes than that of the murder of Steunenberg. On that point the evidence might be said to be weak. The State introduced a letter, in his own handwriting, from Haywood to Mrs. Orchard at Independence. This letter informed Mrs. Orchard that, according to Haywood's best information, her husband was then in Alaska. It was written in November, 1905, when Orchard was shadowing Steunenberg. In Denver Orchard had written a letter in the summer previous to this addressed to his wife, dated at Nome, Alaska, and handed to Marion Moor, a member of the executive committee, who was on his way to Alaska, with instructions to fill in the date and mail it at Nome. It had been mailed at Nome in August, and Orchard testified that Haywood knew that this letter had been written and sent to Alaska. Haywood's letter to Mrs. Orchard established the fact that Orchard's wife appealed for information to the person who she believed would be most likely to have information, showing close relationship between Haywood and Orchard. Unsatisfactorily explained, it also showed a purpose on Haywood's part to conceal Orchard's whereabouts. But the most



WHY MOYER WAS ARRESTED IN 1904

At Ouray, Colorado, on March 26, 1904, Charles H. Moyer, President of the Western Federation of Miners, was arrested charged with desecrating the American flag. Though what was printed on a reproduction of the flag did not, technically, constitute desecration, and though it was admitted that Moyer had committed no punishable offense, he was taken from Ouray to Telluride, where he was under military jurisdiction



COUNSEL FOR THE STATE IN THE HAYWOOD TRIAL

Left to right (seated): Senator W. E. Borah, W. A. Stone, J. H. Hawley; (standing): A. M. Van Dusen

damaging and closely connected bit of evidence was the New York draft issued by the First National Bank of Denver for \$100 to the order of "William D. Haywood, Secretary-Treasurer," indorsed by Haywood and sent to Jack Simpkins, the Idaho member of the executive committee. Harry Orchard testified that shortly before the assassination of Steunenberg he had written to Pettibone, asking for \$100. On December 30, 1905, the day that Steunenberg was murdered—almost at the very hour—a letter was mailed in Denver addressed to "Thomas Hogan" at Caldwell. It was brief. That part of it which is significant reads: "That was sent to Jack on the 21st. It ought to have reached you by this time." The New York draft, indorsed by Haywood and sent to Jack Simpkins, was dated December 21, and it is for \$100.

Outside of Orchard's testimony, to the effect that Moyer was ill, and that he did not want any more crimes "pulled off" in Colorado, for the present, and that Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone then and there decided on Orchard's trip to Idaho, this is the only direct or circumstantial evidence connecting Haywood in person with the murder of Steunenberg.

It must be borne in mind, however, that intangible as the evidence may be, the law does not contemplate direct proof of crime. Such proof would, in most cases of conspiracy, be impossible to produce. Concealment is the very essence of crimes of this nature. There has been so much discussion, in court and out, as to what the law requires that perhaps it may shed some light to quote the provision of the Idaho statute, which is similar to that of many other States. It reads:

"A conviction can not be had on the testimony of an accomplice, unless he is corroborated by other evidence which in itself, and without the aid of the testimony of the accomplice, tends to connect the defendant with the commission of the offense; and the corroboration is not sufficient if it merely shows the commission of the offense, or the circumstances thereof."

It will be noticed that the law does not require proof of a direct connection with the crime. Any evidence which tends to connect the defendant is sufficient, provided it be corroborative of the testimony of the accomplice.

There is the testimony of the colored horseman from Denver who identified Haywood and Orchard as the two men who tried the horse which Orchard swore was purchased during the time the assassination of Sherman Bell was contemplated. Pettibone, according to Orchard and this witness, paid the money for this horse. In addition to the corroborative circumstances of the finding of the bomb at Judge Goddard's gate, the killing of Wally with the bomb intended for Judge Gabbert, the accidental finding three months after Orchard's arrest by the Wallace fireman of the bomb which Orchard testified he had told Cunningham to throw in the river (where it was found), the disappearance of Jack Simpkins, and other evidence of this kind, there is the incriminating handwriting of Pettibone on the two Postal Telegraph money orders sent to "H. Green" at San Francisco over fictitious signatures.

The Steve Adams Confession

THE name of Steve Adams has frequently been mentioned during the trial. He was brought from Wallace, Idaho, where he was awaiting a second trial for the murder of Fred Tyler, taken into the court room, and identified by one of the witnesses as one of the men arrested in Ogden in 1903, when he telegraphed to Haywood for money, and received \$75. Orchard had testified that Haywood had told him in one of their conversations that he had sent Adams and Ed Minster to California to assassinate Fred W. Bradley, and that after spending \$400 they had to beat their way back. They had got stranded at Ogden, and Adams had telegraphed to Haywood for \$75, which he sent him. Adams, when arrested early in 1906, had made a confession—admitting, it is said, more murders than Orchard confessed to. In September of the same year, while some of the attorneys for the defense were in Boise, Steve Adams, through the influence of an uncle, retracted this confession. The confession was sworn to before a notary public. Adams, whom Orchard incriminates in connection with the blowing up of the Independence depot, did not take the witness-stand for the defense.

His successful denial of that crime

would have shaken the story of Orchard more, perhaps, than the testimony of any other witness. In that event the State would have confronted him with his own sworn confession. But more significant than Adams's absence from the stand is that of Pettibone.

The fact is that the case of the State might have been likened more than anything else to the setting of a series of mines for the defense. This was the strength of the State's case, greater than the force of its direct proof. The manner in which the disconnected but significant threads of evidence have been interwoven has shown the hand of a master. The defense has, by every art of insinuation before the jury, sought to throw the burden of the credit or blame for this upon James McParland, the Pinkerton detective. One of the apparent purposes of the defense was to cloud the issues of the case with "Pinkertonism." McParland has not so far appeared in the court room throughout the trial.

Orchard's Plan to Reform

SHOULD it be assumed that every feature of Harry Orchard's story is true, and that the defendants are guilty, it is not probable that they ever contemplated, if brought to the bar of justice for any one of the crimes with which Orchard charges them, that evidence of all the others would be introduced against them. It is not likely they ever took counsel as to the intricate phases of the law. Standing alone, it is highly improbable that a conviction could ever have been had upon the evidence surrounding the crime of Steunenberg's assassination and their alleged connection with it. But had Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone set about to enmesh themselves, they could hardly have done so more successfully, unless they wanted the world to know of their guilt.

Harry Orchard has said that the murder of Steunenberg was to have been his last. He testified that on this trip he looked for a place to buy a ranch, where he might settle down to a different life. He testified also that he became desperate and reckless over his unsuccessful attempts to "get" Steunenberg and determined to bring the matter to an end. Orchard testified that Pettibone said it was a dangerous undertaking to carry off in a town so small as Caldwell.

Orchard's story reminds one of the Bidwell brothers, who, after robbing the Bank of England of millions, cleaned up their quarters in London preparatory to their departure from the country, came across such a splendid piece of forgery that they had executed but had not used that they thought it a pity to destroy it. In using it they forgot to fill in the date, and that was their undoing and the cause of their long term of imprisonment.

The first days of the State's rebuttal proved a decided repulse for the defense. The conviction of John M. O'Neill, a witness for the defense and editor of the "Miners' Magazine," official organ of the Western Federation of Miners, on the charge of manslaughter, was proved. He was indicted under the same name that Orchard assumed when he trailed Steunenberg to his death.

The Defense's Case

THE testimony of the chief witness for the defense was discredited, and the testimony of another shattered. The appearance on the witness-stand of both Charles H. Moyer and the defendant William D. Haywood was favorable, but their admissions were damaging.

Moyer made friends by his appearance. There was expressed some pity that the black cloud of crime should hang over him. The universal opinion seems to be that if any are guilty, Moyer is the least culpable. Even his cross-examiner seemed to be lenient with him. His somewhat sensitive face and modest bearing were in his favor. Both men were nervous, but Moyer stepped from the



MOYER, HAYWOOD, AND PETTIBONE PHOTOGRAPHED AT BOISE

stand with much better grace and confidence than Haywood. Toward the last of his cross-examination Haywood seemed dazed. The tones of his finely modulated voice had lost their ring. Haywood's sympathizers were heartily glad when Senator Borah uttered the few words that released

Alaska. The draft had been sent to Simpkins because Simpkins, when in Denver, had drawn something over two hundred dollars for his per diem and mileage, and had asked Haywood to safekeep \$100 of it until he arrived home in Spokane, and then send it to him.

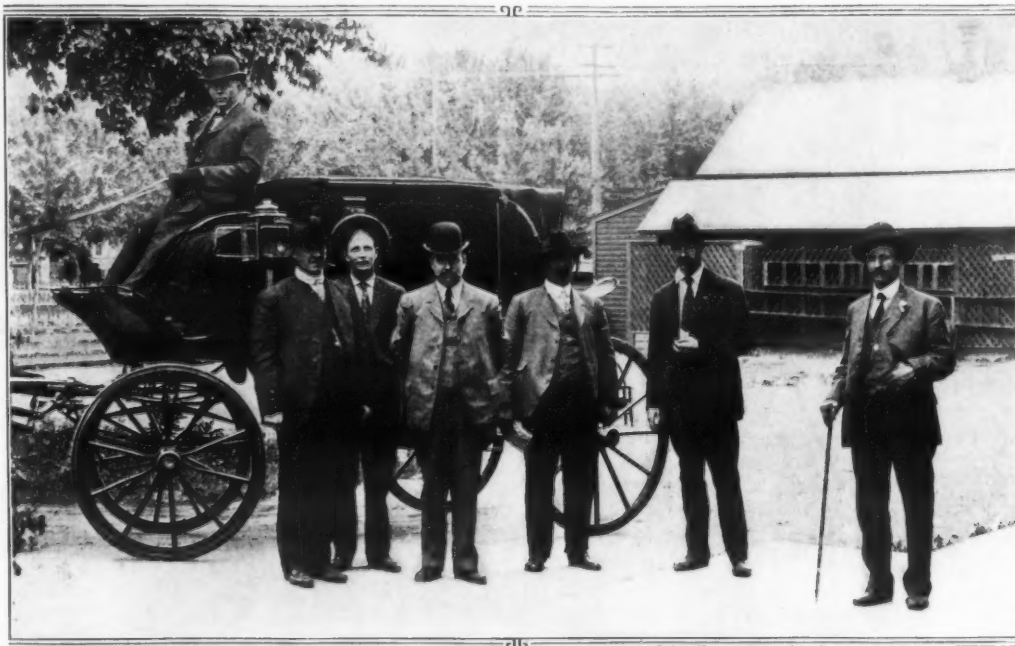
This Simpkins draft was one of the most damaging pieces of evidence the State had introduced, and the explanation of it was the least satisfactory of Haywood's many explanations.

Apparently the most vital bit of evidence in the whole case was introduced by the defense. It was the original telegram in cipher from Jack Simpkins dated Spokane, January 4, 1906, saying: "Can not get lawyer to defend Hogan. Answer."

The State's Case

IT was addressed to Haywood personally. Fred Miller had left Spokane that morning for Caldwell to defend Orchard, but had turned back at Walla Walla under suspicious circumstances, and the telegram to Haywood was evidently the result. Both Moyer and Haywood admitted the payment of \$1,500 to Miller later for his defense of Orchard, though Haywood testified that he knew Orchard no better than hundreds of other members of the Federation. It was because the press was seeking to fasten the crime upon the Western Federation that the money was paid.

There is no escape from the conclusion that at the close of the case for the defense, a much stronger chain of evidence had been forged against Haywood than the prosecution had succeeded in welding. And the credit for laying the State's well-concealed traps for the defense to stumble into must be given to the detective McParland, an old-fashioned man in appearance and habit, who works silently and seriously, and with a passion for winning.



HARRY ORCHARD ARRIVING, UNDER GUARD, AT THE BOISE COURT HOUSE

The trial of William D. Haywood had progressed to the point where the compelling interest of the case was reached. Into Boise, by the score, had drifted correspondents from every section, witnesses from points as widely divergent as California and Minnesota, delegations of traveling men, holding an intermountain convention, and an excursion of Omaha business men. The hospitable little city had thrown open the doors of its only club, where a stag party was tendered the visiting delegations of business men. Two miles out, at the end a shaded highway, stands the penitentiary, and behind its walls sat, repentant, the self-confessed principal of twenty murders. At nine o'clock the next morning a disappointed crowd overflowed upon the court-house lawn. Upstairs, in the court room, the eight-year-old daughter of the most conspicuous labor leader of the West sat beside a vacant chair to the right of Judge Wood. That vacant chair was noticeable. The little girl's hand reached over and patted the seat; she glanced constantly toward a door to the rear. As the hour approached when she knew that the occupant of the chair would come she smiled. Grasping not at all the meaning of things, she awaited the moment to nestle under the arm that she knew would reach out to encircle her. At 10:39 by the court-room clock, the last of the witnesses who testified to the scenes surrounding Caldwell's widely heralded tragedy left the stand. Senator Borah had announced *ad hoc* vote to the court: "The next witness will be here in a few moments." Hawley had gone into a side room, from which he now emerged and took his seat. "Call Harry Orchard," he said—and the name seemed to catch slightly in his throat. The door behind the labor leader and the little girl, which Hawley had closed a moment before, opened, and the towering form of a guard entered at the head of a procession of six. Behind him walked a very much shorter figure, whose chunky shoulders swayed with a suggestion of physical strength. Four set-faced men, each with a record for precision of marksmanship, brought up the rear. The procession stopped at an opening at the back of the witness-chair. The bailiff raised a guard-rail—just such a guard-rail as Superintendent McCormick and Foreman Beck of the Vindicator mine raised when they stepped off the mine-cage. Soon, in tones that sounded like a phonograph, Orchard was relating that incident. The real battle for the life of the labor leader had begun. Behind this leader sounded the hoarse murmur of labor's alarm. Before him was the man repentant, and behind the repentant was the figure of McParland, the Pinkerton detective. For one moment, as this penitent began to speak, his cheek, which had slightly whitened as he entered the room, paled still more, and twitched. In the next he had recovered himself. There were two sounds in the room, one the ticking of the clock on the wall, the other the even, regular monotone of the voice unrelenting a record of crime which sounded like a story the blade of the guillotine, or the wheel of the Juggernaut, might tell, if they could speak. For eight days the spell of this story was broken only by the "Hear ye! Hear ye!" of Sheriff Hodgins.



IN QUARANTINE

ONE WAY OUT OF A YELLOW-FEVER DETENTION CAMP IN MISSISSIPPI

By RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

IT was perhaps four o'clock when the train from New Orleans reached the detention camp at Belle Terre, and the heat of the August afternoon was still unrelieved. The air was moist and heavy, so that one's lungs labored in lifting it, and the stagnant water in the neighboring bayou added a flavor pestilential in suggestion if not in reality.

The little procession of prisoners filed from the train and made its way into the stockade surrounding the camp. Their faces showed every variety of dejection, from resignation to belligerent protest, and their luggage weighed heavily upon them. The slight girl with yellow hair tugged at a great telescope case without receiving any offer of help. Even in her disheveled state she was undeniably pretty, with a charming curve to her rounded cheek, and a droop to the mouth as of one whose native serenity remained unspoiled by a world not altogether kind. She was not alone, but a glance at the bent form of the young man by her side was enough to show that she was the abler of the two.

Inside the gate, as close as the armed watchman would let them come, stood a group of the refugees, for whom the arrival of the train was the one excitement of the day. A cheerful fat man pressed close to the stockade and saluted the first newcomer who came within hearing.

"You're in luck," he said. "You may not think so, but there's just enough tents left to fit out this crowd—they told me so at the office; those that come tomorrow will have to sleep out with the snakes."

"Did he say snakes?" cried a woman who came up at that moment. "If they have them here, I'd just as soon go back and die of the fever."

"Oh, they're all right, ma'am," said the fat man, though the woman was now out of hearing. "They don't usually get into bed with you, but just coil around the tent pole and sleep as quiet as yourself."

On the opposite side of the gate stood Tom Walton, his brown neck bared to the blazing sun, and a glimpse of his sturdy chest showing through his open shirt. He was watching like the rest, but with an eagerness peculiar to himself, for what the afternoon had in store. Three days before he had come through New Orleans on his way home to Arizona, and having ventured into the streets of the city, had been refused admission to his train. The detention camp was then the only way out, and although it looked unpromising, the zest of life, which had never failed him to this time, did not desert him even here. On the day of his arrival he had picked up an interesting youth from Kentucky, who played the mouth-organ divinely, and had arranged to share a tent with him. On the second day he had milked a cow for the first time in his life, because there was a baby in camp waiting for the milk. On the third day he had struck up an acquaintance with a lay preacher of the Adventist persuasion, and received a most entertaining tract on the "signs of the times," with illustrations depicting the horns of the Great Beast. So he waited in perfect confidence for what to-day would bring.

The first newcomer to attract his attention was the girl with the yellow hair and the telescope case. He stepped forward promptly.

"I'll take this," he said, laying a hand on the telescope.

"Thank you, seh," she answered. "It is mighty heavy, and my brotkeh can't mo' than walk, in this hot sun, not to speak of ca'yin' anythin'."

"He ain't very well, I guess," said Walton, sympathetically.

"Oh, no, seh; an' I'm afraid comin' heah will kill him shu'nough. I hoped it would be cooleh heah at the camp, but it isn't. And whereveh is there any shade?"

"You've come to the wrong place for shade," said Tom. "There's just that one tree up there past the house, but gettin' under it's like front seats at a circus. And inside the tents is several times as hot as outside, when the sun shines on 'em."

"My heavens!" said the girl. "Whateveh shall we do? Fo' days in a place like this—my poo' Johnnie!"

"Oh, I'll find him a good place," said Walton cheerily. "I'm on to all the ropes by this time. Three days here's a good part of a lifetime; I begin to feel 's if I was raised here. You get used to anything after a spell—that's the beauty of this world. Not but what I shall be good an' ready to go home to-morrow. You sent up from New Orleans?"

"We only came through there. We're on our way home to Medina—that's in Texas. My brotkeh's been to the Springs for his health, and I was visitin' in Mobile. We was to meet in New Orleans and come right on together, but Johnnie got there first, and went to a hotel; so they qu'ntined him. I'm not qu'ntined; they gave me a health pass to go on through, but I wouldn't heah to it, not without Johnnie. They say he's got to stay fo' days, sick or well."

"It's a sure thing. Did you see the men with shot-guns at the gate? No gettin' out of this place, unless you go to a better world. But I'm through to-morrow, unless my temp takes a rise before mornin'."

"Your what?" she questioned vaguely.

"Temper'ture. The camp doctor comes around every day with his little toy thermometer, an' if you go over a hundred you're isolated as a suspect—or sent to the hospital camp if you're bad enough. It's a great stunt for keepin' the boarders here, for you get so scared that you cook up a fever easy enough. I was up to ninety-nine an' six bits the second night I was here. But I'm kind o' cooled off again now."

The girl looked more troubled than before. "I'm afraid they'll think Johnnie has the fever, when it's only his lungs."

By this time they were at the office, established at one end of the old plantation house about which the camp had been set up, and the new arrivals were being registered and assigned to quarters.

Walton found seats for the sick man and the girl, and then prepared to leave them. He did it awkwardly, as if he would willingly linger and do more.

"You've been mighty kind, seh," she said, in her sweet drawl. "I wish—"

He waited respectfully.

"I wish I could see you again, aftawhile, whenever 'twould be convenient. I want to ask you somethin'."

"Sure," he said cheerily. "After supper 'll be the best time. Down by those tables is where we have to line up for meals. I'll look for you at the nearest end, and glad to do anything you say."

He strolled off, with a jerk of his shoulder in the direction of the rendezvous, and moved toward the tents of the men's quarters. But when only a dozen paces away, he paused, turning for an instant, and his eyes sought the spot where he had left her. She was leaning over her brother, ministering to his comfort in some way, her lithe figure yielding like a willow to her motion.

"Gee!" said Walton, half aloud. But his thought remained unspoken.

Walton's tent was at the very outskirts of the camp, where the talk of the guards who patrolled the stockade at night made sleep even more impossible than it would have been elsewhere. His tent-mate, Jack Simmons, was waiting for him now. He was a dark, nervous boy, not more than nineteen, and the pole of the tent shook with his excited trembling.

"The docteh's been heah," he said, "and I'm afraid I'm goin' to have it. He said he'd give me till mornin'—it might be somethin' else; but I feel awfully sick. And to think that in one day more I could have got away and gone to my motheh's!"

Walton laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Take it easy, old man," he said. "Now that the sun's gettin' down, you'll be feelin' better."

It was not long before the supper-bell rang—a melodious crowbar, suspended by a cord, on which the cook struck out his summons to the weary multitude to fall into line for the meal. Walton had brushed his hair vigorously and tied a handkerchief around his neck. She was there with the other women and watching for him, he felt sure, as she brought up to be filled not only her own tin plate and cup, but her brother's also. He saw her go back with Johnnie's supper, and then try to eat her own, but make poor work of it. No wonder; it was all his robust appetite could do to stomach these well-intentioned but sadly unattractive meals.

When supper was over they came together as by instinct.

"It ain't much colder yet, is it?" he said sympathetically.

"No. Don't it cool off more in the night?"

"A little. Come over this way an' sit down a little. Is your brother restin' easy?"

He led her to the live oak, which was no longer surrounded for the sake of its shadow as in the daytime.

"Yes," she said. "He went to sleep as soon's I gave him his soup."

They sat down and were silent for a little. All about them the refugees were moving more briskly, adapting themselves even under strange conditions to the evening hour of recreation. At the end of the house a group of the younger people had formed a circle and were playing some childish game that raised shouts of laughter; while outside many of the women, whom the heat of the day had kept indoors, were rather wearily strolling over the uneven ground, seeking a little change and motion before going in again for the long



The man at the gate

night. On the "gallery" two or three couples were even beginning a dance, to the tune which a negro servant, somewhere hidden from sight, was droning on an accordion. Meantime the shadows in the bayou across the railroad were growing blacker, while the outlines of all objects were blurring in the dusk.

The girl under the live oak felt such a sense of dreariness as had never before haunted even her fears—a dreariness that was set off with a special poignancy by the gay voices at the game and the droning music in the background. Presently she spoke.

"I told you I wanted to ask you somethin', but you'll think it's no use. I want to know how I can get my brotkeh away from heah to-morrow. I know what you said, but there's always a way if you try hahd enough. I know he'll die if we stay; I know they'll think he has the feveh, and won't let him go. But he hasn't been exposed to it, and there's no hahm in his goin' on. I'm the only one he has to ca' for him, and I shall do it somehow."

Walton looked at her in silence, surprised by the strenuous note in her low voice. Then he said:

"If you find a way out, you'll do better than any one that's been in this camp. An' even if you did, you'd have the same trouble on the train, or anywhere, without a pass."

"I've thought of one thing," she said. "I could give my pass to my brotkeh, and have him go out on it; only it has my name, and says 'Miss.' Do you reckon I could give him my clothes, and that he could pass for a woman long enough to get away?"

Walton shook his head. "It don't sound promis-in' to me. You'd get caught, even if he didn't, and there'd be no end of a row."

"I wouldn't ca' what they did to me," she said. "But I don't reckon he could get along without me, anyhow. The only thing I know suttinly is that he must go. Now, won't you think about it?"

"Sure. I'll think all you want me to. Though I don't know as thinkin's ever been what you'd call my specialty."

They were silent again for a little, the girl with her face turned away from her companion, staring vaguely into the darkness. When at length she looked around again, she was startled to see the intensity with which Walton was gazing at her.

"Why," she cried, "what you lookin' at me that way to?"

He caught himself, laughing shyly. "Oh, I do know. I guess I was thinkin', as you ast me to. You wouldn't show up well as a man."

She could laugh now, too. In a strange way, whenever this man spoke or smiled, it seemed possible to forget one's troubles.

She had a guilty feeling in having stayed here with a stranger longer than was necessary; but now that her brother had gone to bed, she could think of no excuse for breaking away. Moreover, she was beginning to feel the fatigue of the day, and this spot was now the coolest and most comfortable in camp. Walton did not try to make her talk, but when she presently showed a desire to do so, because their silence embarrassed her, he asked her about her home, and what she had meant by working there as hard as a man; so little by little she told him almost as much of herself as she could really be said to know. In return he said very little but listened, not only with eyes and ears but with every movement of his body, and a current as of magnetism flowed from him, keeping her vitality at its best. Once she stopped her story, saying:

"I do know why I'm tellin' you all this, when I neveh saw you befo'."

"That's all right," he answered. "I've been livin' all the time, same as you, an' a good bit longer. Folks is folks; it don't matter whether we ever saw each other before or not."

She pondered silently on this philosophy, and Walton looked in another direction, as his habit was when he wished to show respect to her timidity. When he turned again her head was leaning quite inertly against the tree and her eyes were closed, while she took deep, restful breaths like those of a sleeping child. He rose abruptly and moved two or three steps from her. It was now nearly dark, but one of the lanterns, hung from a board nailed to the tree, shone full on one side of her face. Her hair had loosened a little, and she looked very happy.

"Gee!" said Walton again, as he had done when looking back at her in the afternoon. "An' to think that I don't even know her name!"

He stood guard in this way, sometimes strolling a few paces on either side of the tree, for he knew instinctively that she would be annoyed at being seen there asleep in his company. The camp was now taking on the aspect of night, yet was still far from quiet. On the "gallery" the dancing had ceased, but some of the young people were playing cards in a very uncer-

tain light. Opposite, in the path leading to the station, a more serious group was listening to the Adventist preacher—a well-fed man in a big soft hat—who was preaching, like his tracts, on the signs of the times. Some of his sentences floated clearly in Walton's direction.

"All these calamities are fo'told," he was saying. "An' they all point to the day of the Lawd. In Deuteronomy twenty-eight you'll read: 'The Lawd shall smite thee with consumption, an' with feveh, an' with inflammation, an' with fiery heat.' First come consumption—you all know what that is; then the feveh—that's just plain chills an' feveh; then the inflammation—that's the typhoid, that they had so bad around heah



"You've been mighty kind, seh," she said, in her sweet drawl

two yeahs ago; an' wust of all is the fiery heat—that means the yellow feveh. An' the next thing, my brethren, is the swo'd."

Walton heard no more. Just then the cheerful fat man came strolling away from the group of listeners and approached him.

"Great stunt," he said. "Knows the whole plumb future. He ought to make something good in stocks. I say, old man, you've got a ticket of leave for to-morrow, and going on West, like me, aren't you?"

Walton nodded.

"Well, I bet you don't know how good your luck is. I heard to-night that the train to-morrow's the last one through—till the trouble's over. Yessir; sure thing. The railroad can't stand those dern fools in Texas. Bad enough around here, but up there they shoot a man if he admits he was bit by a mosquito before the war. So they're going to teach 'em how to get along without the railroad, and we're the last over the line. One day more, and we'd either engage board here or go back to New Orleans."

He passed on, radiant with the cheerfulness of one who thanks God that he is not as other men. Walton stood motionless for an instant; then his hand went to his pocket, where he could feel that precious certificate lying whose date would free him from quarantine to-morrow.

The next to come by was the boy Simmons, wandering about listlessly, unwilling to go to bed until his tent-mate was ready. He looked wretched enough, and it twinged Walton's conscience a little.

"Sit down here, Jack," he said. "This girl you see's went to sleep, an' I'm just hangin' around so's to keep an eye on her. She wouldn't like to wake up alone. But it's time she got off to bed, I guess. Have you got that mouth-organ about you? Fetch it out, won't you? an' give us some of them tunes that knocked us out so the other night. It may wake her up kind of easy."

Simmons took out the harmonica and began to play—at first mechanically, for he was not in the mood; but as he went on he warmed to the music and his body swayed rhythmically to its time. "Sewanee River" was followed by "Sweet By-and-By," and that by "My Old Kentucky Home." The talk of the campers down by the building was hushed, as they evidently listened. In the middle of the second tune the girl under the tree started a little, then opened her eyes and looked about in momentary perplexity. Walton threw her a reassuring glance. She leaned forward, herself now an intent listener to the "Old Kentucky Home." When the music stopped there were tears on her cheeks. The player saw them.

"Ah you from Kentucky?" he asked eagerly.

"No, seh," she said, "but that's a beautiful piece."

"I guess Kentucky ain't got any patent on it," said Walton. "Even down in Arizona we set store by it all right. Do you feel any rested?"

"Yes," she said, "Is it very late? I didn't know I was sleepin'."

She rose, feeling her hair with a vague sense of its disorder, and Walton walked with her to the house. Neither spoke until they had reached the entrance. Then he said:

"I've been thinkin' quite a lot, and have more comin'. I'll see you first thing in the mornin', an' give you my opinion."

In another moment he had rejoined Simmons, and they passed on together to their tent. It was now almost cool in the outer air, but under the canvas the heat of the afternoon still lingered.

He threw himself on the ground and struck a match to light his pipe. Then, before the flame had died away, he reached into his pocket for the quarantine certificate, and looked at it in the trembling light.

"August twenty-seven," he said half-aloud. "Yes, that's to-morrow."

The sun had been up perhaps half an hour, and the shadow of the live oak reached away beyond the western borders of the camp, when Walton stood under it, wearing his coat now—for the air was really cool—and strolling idly within a small circle, like one who waits for a tryst. The only others who seemed to be stirring were the guards along the stockade and some of the negro servants who carried buckets of water to and fro.

She was not long in coming. From the steps of the house she cast deer-like glances about the camp, then moved swiftly toward the tree. She was almost rosy, even from such bath as a tin basin had afforded, and the freshness of recent slumber lay over her as it still lay over the whole world. It seemed to Walton that she might be some bird of morning, and break into song instead of words.

"You heah so early? You've not been heah all night?" she said.

"Not exactly. But there's no temptation to late sleepin' in these beds. How did you rest in your dugout?"

"Oh, real well. I feel a heap betteh this mornin'. But I couldn't stay in bed for wantin' to see if you had anything to tell me."

"You want your brother to get away as bad as ever?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, I'll tell you. Your plan won't work. You couldn't ever deceive 'em so 't he could use your pass. Besides, there's no tellin' when you'd ever get through after him. Now sit down here where you did last night, an' I'll tell you my plan. I've got a c'tificate that lets me through to-day. Suppose'n I sell it to you, for your brother, an' change names with him in the bargain?"

"I couldn't pay for it," she said quietly, as one who was used to saying so. "We haven't only enough money to take us home."

"Well, I didn't mean money. I ain't that kind, exactly. Yet it's worth a good deal to me, that c'tificate, an' I really think I've got a right to ask somethin' for it, don't you?"

"Why, suttinly," she said wonderingly.

"Well, it's this way, then. When we all get out of here, and I get around to it, I'll come to Medina an' look you up, an' I'll ask you to marry me. An' you'll say, 'Why, suttinly,' just like you did a minute ago. 'Because I have to,' you'll say, 'havin' promised you at the quarantine camp.' That's my proposition."

The girl's face had flushed, then paled, as she tried to discern how much of seriousness there was behind his banter. She spoke breathlessly.

"You'eh only jokin'. You don't know me—only since last night."

"What's the differer ce?" he said promptly. "Didn't I tell you already that that don't count? 'Tain't how long you know a person, but how deep; an' here in this camp things goes a good deal deeper than in most places. I believe I c'd write out a pretty good account of most all the folks I've met here, an' you in particular. Maybe you don't feel so sure of me, but we'd understand that you'd have a chance to find out about me, an' if I turned out to be a jail-bird, or a Republican, or anythin' else that your folks couldn't stand for, the whole thing would be off. That's square enough, ain't it?"

She was silent for a moment. Then she said: "It's not right, somehow. You make it sound so, but you know well enough you neveh thought of ma'yin' me when you took hold of my bag yestehday evenin'."

He laughed broadly. "Of course I didn't. But it wasn't long before I did. I never thought of marryin' anybody before, since I was a green kid. But I'll tell you what it is—eh—say, what's your name, anyway?"

She laughed, a little hysterically. "To think of you wantin' to ma'y a girl that you don't even know her name!"

"That's all right. What is it?"

"Sadie." She spoke more softly, and he lowered his voice in turn.

"Well, now, Sadie, the fact is, whenever I have thought of marryin', I've always kind of had an idea of a girl with yellow hair like you. Yes, sir, that's exactly the shade. And everything you did or said last night seemed to just kind o' fit in to my idea, the same

way. But I wasn't goin' to be foozled. 'Maybe it's the evenin', says I. 'I'll wait 'ill mornin', an' see if she seems just as good.' An' when I was waitin' for you here, I was really afraid you wouldn't stand the experiment, for it's a pretty nice girl that can seem as good lookin', and as good every-which-way, by daylight before breakfast, as at night time. But as soon as you come out I knew it was all right."

The deep note of satisfaction in his voice brought the color to her face again.

"It's real kind of you," she said, "but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, a heap o' things."

"Is there another man?" He looked straight into her eyes and they fell.

"Not—exactly."

"How not exactly?"

"There's a gentleman friend of mine"—her voice came like a low flute—"that wants me to ma'y him. I've known him all my life. I neveh promised to, but I did say I wouldn't take anybody else without lettin' him know."

"Well, you can let him know the first minute you get home."

"He's up No'th now. It don't seem quite doin' fai' by him."

He paused. This situation was a little more complicated than he could have foreseen; but it was no time to falter.

"This is all out o' the ordinary here," he said, "in quarantine. It ain't like other times—it's what you might call an emergency, Sadie. I don't think anybody could blame you—that is, providin' you suit yourself. But if you like him better'n you do me—"

"Oh, no; I don't reckon I do."

"Then it's a bargain." He took her hand, which lay between them on the grass, and squeezed it obscurely. He could not offer to kiss her, for others were now moving about near them, waiting for breakfast. Instead he proceeded to the business before them.

"Now, here's the c'tificate, Sadie. It reads 'Thomas H. Walton'—that's me; you'll have to learn to call me Tom. Now, of course, I can't promise just how things are goin' at train time, but I have an idea it'll be all O. K., and I'll tell you why. The inspector that passes folks out to the railroad, when their time's up, wasn't on duty yesterday; I happened to notice he changed off with one of the other men. So he didn't see you and your brother come in. An' I've no reason to suppose that he knows how Tom Walton ought to look. So we'll all go to the gate together, and your brother can slip through. Tell him the Waltons was a good family once; he needn't to be ashamed of the name."

"I must go and tell him about it right away," she said, rising.

"Wait a minute. Don't you want to give me that blue ring to remember you by, and to kind of bind our bargain? I haven't got anythin' on my side just at present, but I'll send you one as soon as I get out of here. Waitin' here in camp is goin' to be rather lonesome, after you're gone, an' I think somethin' of yours like that would hearten me up."

She looked down at the ring an instant—it bore a forget-me-not, set with four little turquoises—then drew it off her finger.

"My motheh gave it to me," she said. "I should like it back mighty well, if—you shouldn't come."

His face shadowed. "I guess you don't think that of me. I ain't got any doubts of you. I'll be there quick enough—unless I should get the fever, which ain't likely. An' if I do I'll pull through. They can't kill me—not with this ring on, anyhow." He looked down at her with his more natural roguish face again.

She smiled back quickly, then ran off to find her brother, while Walton with some difficulty fitted the ring to his smallest finger.

For the rest of the day he saw but little of her, for to be alone with her in camp was impossible, and it was a part of his policy to keep out of observation, since most of his fellow refugees knew that he had expected to leave on the afternoon train. So he withdrew to his tent not long after breakfast, and snatched only a few minutes for conversation at the beginning and the end of the dinner hour. In the tent it was very hot again, but he sat it out quietly. Simmons was there with him, feeling too miserable to-day to leave his bed. As the hours wore on, it was evident that Walton was doing some pretty hard thinking; he was not so utterly serene as in the morning. Occasionally he looked at his tent-mate as if wondering whether he might confide in him, and at last he spoke.

"I say, Jack, I want to ask you something. If you was to find a man stuck in a bad place in the road, and you offered to get him out if he'd swap horses with you, instead of gettin' him out first and talkin' about it afterward, what would you think of yourself?"

"I'd think I was a muckeh," said Jack promptly.

"An' suppose you let on at the same time that your horse was just a little better than it was?"

The boy turned over on his cot and looked at Walton.

"What you atfeh, anyhow?" he said. "You nor I wouldn't do such a thing; no mo' would anybody wuth a place on God's earth."

"You can't be sure," Walton answered slowly. "You never know till the time comes. If 'twasn't for that, nobody wouldn't ever get hung."

With that he rose from his own cot and tied his handkerchief about his neck in readiness to go out. "I'll see you later, Jack," he said.

"You're comin' back befo' train time? You haven't got your coat."

"I'm comin' back either first or last," said Walton; and without giving the puzzled boy any chance to question him further, he was off.

The crowd was beginning to gather near the gate for the daily excitement of train time, some carrying their bags and wearing eager faces, others looking on with envy more or less concealed. Walton found Sadie and her brother waiting at the house entrance, and at once motioned her to come with him around the corner, where they could be unobserved.

"I've been thinkin' some more," he said at once. "And I don't have half as good an opinion of myself as I did this mornin'. I'm goin' to call it off, Sadie, an' give you back your ring."

Her face was frightened like a child's.

"And we—my brotheh has to stay out his time?"

"Oh, no—I didn't mean that. He can have my c'tificate all right. But I didn't do the square thing in makin' a bargain about it."

"But I—I didn't mind," she said.

"No, I know you didn't, but that don't make no difference. Here in this camp you might well think I was a pretty good sort, compared with the crowd that's here, especially since we'd got to be friends when you was needin' friends. But up at your place I might look different—with that other fellow there, too. I want to look him straight in the face when I see him, an' tell him I didn't take no mean advantage of him. So I'm goin' to wait an' try it up there; an' then if you say you'll marry me, it's a sure thing. Here's your ring, Sadie, an' you understand I'm givin' your brother my pass free gratis. I guess I'd have done it all the time if you'd ast me to."

She took the ring mechanically, her eyes on the ground.

"But I say," he went on, "I'd like mighty well to have you call me Tom once before you go. You haven't said it yet."

She lifted her face. "I'd like to thank you, Tom," she said. "But I don't know how."

At that instant the whistle of the train sounded in the near distance.

"Do it when I come," said Walton. "But now that every one's lookin' the other way, I think I'll kiss you once, anyhow, so's to have somethin' to remember you by."

In another moment they were pushing on with the crowd toward the gate.

"Now you go ahead, Sadie," Walton commanded, "and let Johnnie drop a little behind. You can wait outside the train for him, but you must remember you're only passin' acquaintances, with no resemblance in your names, either. I see it's the old inspector, all right. Speak up bold, Johnnie, and remember you're Tom Walton if he asks you."

He was astonished at his own excitement, for his heart beat hard and fast as the doubtful moment drew near. Johnnie himself, being ill to the point of indifference, felt the tension much less. But he held out the paper Walton had given him, and the inspector checked it off, saying: "Thomas Walton, August 27," while the real owner of the name stopped breathing an instant, as he waited to see if any one called out: "No, that's the wrong man." No one did. Johnnie was through the gate.

Walton now slunk out of the line, and waited by the stockade, only a step or two from the gate. The last

passenger was now through. Some one was saying: "Why, you not going? You said this was your day out." But he did not heed him. He was watching the windows of the train, as it lingered, puffing, while the camp inspector made his report to the officer on board. Then it moved off, the bell ringing merrily, and a shout of generous farewell going up from those left behind.

At that moment Walton saw a hand thrust from the car window—he was certain that he knew it—and wave a handkerchief toward him. More than that, it dropped the handkerchief to the ground. He darted forward, past the momentarily oblivious guards, and was almost within touch of the rear coach when a shot rang out behind him. The bullet went hissing at one side. Before he could turn to see what had happened, he was seized by a guard who asked with an oath what he was about.

"Nothin'," he said calmly. "I just stepped out to pick up that han'kerchief yonder. It belongs to me."

"Bah!" said the guard. "You walk back into camp and make up a better story on the way."

"Why," said Walton, "did you think I was tryin' to make a break for the train? I could ha' gone to-day if I'd wanted to, anyhow; don't you remember I've been here four days? You was up by our tent Monday night, when my pardner was playin' on the mouth-organ."

"Why didn't you go, then?"

"My pardner's sick, an' I'm goin' to stay to look after him a while."

The other looked incredulous. "Let's see your certificate."

Walton felt in his pocket serenely. "I guess it's up in my tent," he said. "Do you want to come up an' look at it?"

"Naw, it's too hot."

Being presently released from custody, inside the stockade, Walton made his way slowly toward his tent, stopping now and again to explain to the curious why he was still in camp. He had seen nothing of Jack since leaving him in the tent, and was positive that he had been detained as a fever suspect.

The boy was still there on his cot, and when Walton came in he sprang up and seized his hand.

"I couldn't believe you hadn't gone," he said, "even though your things are heah. Why did you evch stay in this hell on earth when your time's up?"

"Oh, it ain't as bad as that," said Walton, gently forcing him to lie down again. "I'm gettin' really attached to the place. What's up, Jack?"

"Everything. They're comin' for me in a little while, to take me to the hospital. Will you write to my motheh, Tom, befo' I go?"

"Sure," said Walton. "An' what's more, I'm goin' to saunter over there with you, an' hang around to make sure that they treat you right. There's no trains goin' where I want 'em to, anyway, so I'm in no hurry."

"I believe you're an angel from heaven," Jack said, after a wondering pause.

"No, I ain't even related to one; but I'm here, anyhow, an' you can see me plainer. Now, you just give me your mother's address, an' I'll tell her you and me's goin' to put it through together."

He seated himself in the tent entrance to write the letter, but paused with only the superscription set down, as his mind drifted into a realization of the decisions he had been making. Yesterday he had expected at this hour to be moving westward toward cool air, home, and freedom. Instead he was still a prisoner in quarantine, and, what was stranger, was about to go of his own will to the camp hospital.

"It's queer what a fellow will do when it comes to it," he mused. "I wouldn't have thought it of myself—or nobody else. Sometimes I think there's a lot more cussedness in me than in most folks, an' then again I think there ain't so much."

A step made him turn his head, and he saw Tomkins, the night guard of that part of the camp, holding a handkerchief in his hand.

"Bill told me you 'lowed this was yours," he was saying. "He picked it up after you'd gone. It seems to have somethin' in it, so I thought I'd bring it up."

Walton reached for it. "You're trumps," he said. The corner of the handkerchief was twisted into a knot, which he quickly untied. Inside was a ring bearing a blue forget-me-not. He sprang to his feet and seized Tomkins in an irresponsible hug.

"By the Lord, man!" he cried. "She gave it back to me!"

Then he returned to his writing. The air was growing cooler, and it seemed to him that the camp was flooded with a new air of peace. Between his sentences—for the act of composition was unusual and fatiguing—he looked up to watch the lengthening shadow of the tree under which they had sat last night, meantime fingering the little ring that had come back to him, and smiling often to himself. At length, having finished the letter, he went inside and began to put their things together for moving.

"I say, Jack," he said presently, as he busied himself with the boy's valise. "Do you want to do somethin' for me, when we're out of this for good?"

"Anything in the world," said Jack.

"Give me this Jew's-harp, then, an' learn me to play 'Old Kentucky Home.'"

Even as he spoke, the ambulance corps from the hospital appeared outside.



"Then it's a bargain." He took her hand . . . and squeezed it obscurely



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER ON THE LINKS AT CLEVELAND

An interested spectator daily at the Amateur Championship on the Euclid Club course, July 8 to July 13, Mr. Rockefeller is shown shaking hands with his physician

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ROCKEFELLER APPLAUDING EGAN FROM THE "GALLERY"

Just as the former champion, Chandler Egan, ran down a long put on the ninth green, the oil magnate, himself an enthusiastic golfer, cried out: "Good shot, my boy!"



GOLF'S ATTRACTION FOR OIL COMPANY PRESIDENTS

At Mr. Rockefeller's right stands J. L. Lamprecht, president of the National Oil Company, and, next to him, W. E. Wall, president of the Independent Oil Company

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MR. ROCKEFELLER WATCHING A WELL-HIT BALL

The Standard Oil's head fairly divided space in the newspapers with young Jerome D. Travers of Montclair, who beat Archie Graham in the final round of the Championship



THE YOUNG HEIR APPARENT TO THE SPANISH THRONE

This is the first picture of King Alfonso's baby son that has been made public. He is shown in the arms of Countess del Puerto, lady in waiting, the wet nurse standing by



ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO AND "FIGHTING BOB" EVANS

Admiral Baron Gomei Yamamoto, a high naval authority, strong peace advocate, and Japanese Minister of Marine during the war with Russia, arrived in New York, July 10

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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

THE WAR ON TRUSTS

IN the proceedings against the Tobacco Trust, instituted on July 10 in the form of a bill in equity filed in the United States Circuit Court at New York, the Government advanced a new and startling proposition. It suggested that the court appoint receivers to take possession of the assets of the various constituent companies of the trust, sixty-five in number, and wind up their business. This idea is understood to be the invention of Assistant Attorney-General Lawson Purdy. Mr. McReynolds, of counsel for the Government, explained that the Sherman law, under which the action had been brought, provided that the court might restrain and prevent the operations of a combination in restraint of trade. "If," he added, "the court finds that the appointment of receivers is necessary it will act accordingly. We ask that the court enjoin these companies. If it did this alone it might tie up the tobacco business, but if receivers were appointed the business could be continued until the receivers sold the various factories to independent concerns, thus effectively destroying the combination."

The Government asks the court to restrain each constituent company of the trust from engaging in interstate or foreign commerce under the present organization, from owning any stock in any other company of the trust, and from carrying out any of the "contracts, combinations, and conspiracies" complained of. It further asks that the fundamental contracts underlying the merger of the English and American tobacco interests be declared illegal and abrogated, and that the trust and all its constituent companies be restrained from continuing their monopoly of the American leaf tobacco business.

The Tobacco Trust is peculiarly vulnerable to attack. It has been not merely a combination in restraint of trade, but an exemplar of about all the piratical practices that have brought such combinations into disrepute. According to the Government's complaint it has pursued its policy of dominating the tobacco industry of the country by systematically driving competitors out of commerce by "oppressively attacking and threatening to attack them with ferocious competition and unfair trade methods, and then buying them in." It has bound the managers, directors, stockholders, and experts of the conquered independent concerns to refrain from engaging in the tobacco business without the consent of the trust. It has abandoned the plants acquired, but has continued to put out goods under the old independent brands under the false pretense that they are still produced by the original makers. It has entered into contracts, combinations, and conspiracies to apportion the trade of the world.

Nevertheless the suggestion of a receiver even for such a criminal octopus as the American Tobacco Company would be calculated to send a shiver of apprehension down the backs of the business community if it could be taken seriously. According to Moody's Manual, there are 451 industrial corporations in the United States capitalized at over \$5,000,000 each. Most of these would come under the head of trusts. Their total capitalization is \$8,243,175,000, or nearly ten times the bonded national debt. These are not all wicked trusts, but it would not be hard to show that most of them are combinations in restraint of trade. A very large part of our \$13,908,456,846 worth of railroads would come under the same head. If all these that could be shown to have transgressed

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some legal prohibition should be thrown into the hands of receivers, the profession of politics, leading to the enjoyment of receiverships, would be the most profitable business left in the country. The fact that the commercial world has continued to rotate without a jar seems to indicate that the general adoption of such a policy is not seriously apprehended.

Hardly had the Tobacco Trust been put on the grill in court when Mr. E. H. Harriman "got his" from the Interstate Commerce Commission. The studied moderation of the language of the report gave an impression of mildness which was not borne out by its substance. Mr. Harriman himself was evidently not deceived by this superficial gentleness, for he immediately lost the temper which he had been holding in with such difficulty since the publication of the Webster letter, and flew into a wild rage. He denounced the Commission's report as "a political document and part of a personal pursuit of me," and declared that it was full of glaring and inexcusable errors.

The report, prepared by Commissioner Franklin K. Lane and concurred in by all his associates, traces the steps by which Mr. Harriman acquired his railroad empire. It shows that the Union Pacific directors have given him practically absolute power in the corporation, and that he has so used this power as to control every line of railroad reaching the Pacific Coast between Portland on the north and Mexico on the south, with the single exception of the Santa Fe, in which the Union Pacific has a large stock interest, and which Mr. Harriman thinks he can take whenever the law will let him. In eight months, between June 30, 1906, and February 28, 1907, the Harriman lines bought \$130,368,688.46 worth of stocks in nine railroads and one express company, the amounts so purchased ranging from 3.32 to 63.04 per cent of the totals outstanding. The Commission characterizes the Alton financing as "indefensible." It thinks that railroads ought to be confined by law to the business of furnishing transportation, that they should not be allowed to speculate in the securities of other lines, that their control of parallel and competing lines, which is already unlawful, should be prevented in fact, and that reasonable regulations should be imposed upon the issue of securities by corporations engaged in interstate commerce. The question of prosecution is not directly raised.

THE FADING WAR

THE Japanese war scare faded out by the middle of July. Its disappearance was aided by the visit to America of Admiral Yamamoto, the famous Minister of Marine during the war with Russia. The Admiral was welcomed with the same cordiality displayed toward General Kuroki, and was entertained by President Roosevelt at lunch, after which an official statement issued from the summer capital at Oyster Bay announced that the interview had been "most satisfactory in every way." The announcement continued: "It simply confirms (what had already been made clear by Ambassador Aoki) the thoroughly good understanding between the two Governments and the fundamental friendliness between the two nations."

In justice to the American press and people certain misconceptions with regard to the ridiculous agitation now happily subsiding should be cleared away. The idea seems to prevail generally abroad that a Jingo spirit, fomented by a number of newspapers, has been prevalent in this country. The London "Times," for instance, in the course of a friendly article, expresses the fear, or rather asserts as a fact, that the alleged activity of Japanese spies at Fort Rosecrans, California, "has intensified the dangerous agitation to which the question of the Japanese in California has given occasion in the United States." The "Times" speaks of "the lubrications of that section of the American press which either from a sheer irresponsible desire to bring about war or from pure love of excitement has been engaged in working up anti-Japanese feeling during the last few weeks," and it even ventures to contrast this mischievous activity with "the patience and self-possession shown by the great body of the Japanese press."

The simple fact is that there has been no anti-Japanese agitation in the United States outside of California, and none there of any consequence since the subsidence of last winter's school troubles. The attitude of the American people has been that of the little girl in the poem:

"She was most unusual ca'm,
She did not care one single damn."

Certain American newspapers, such as the New York "Herald," have done most reprehensible work in stirring up unnecessary war talk, but even they have been merely exploiting in a sensational way what they pretended to consider the probability of a Japanese attack upon the United States. Nowhere has there been any suggestion of an American attack upon Japan. This is what destroys the parallel so often drawn between the recent agitation and that which preceded the war with Spain. That was an aggressive war, deliberately worked up by newspapers which thought that the United States ought to drive Spain out of Cuba. In the present case the only hint of aggression has come from those editors and politicians in Tokyo who have said that Japan ought to enforce her rights in California if necessary by arms. The "patience and self-possession shown by the great body of the Japanese press" are admirable, but there has been no occasion for the display of any other qualities. A great Power does not lose its head because the windows of a restaurant have been broken. The patience and self-possession shown by the great body of the Japanese press under this provocation do not exceed those displayed by the entire American press when that American popular idol, Mr. E. H. Harriman, was mobbed in Japan. If restaurant-

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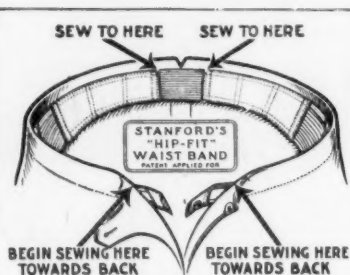
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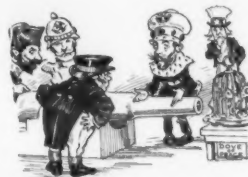
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wrecking were to be regarded as a cause of war, a Greek fleet would now be on its way to another Salamis in Chesapeake Bay, for on the night of July 13 a mob at Roanoke, Virginia, cleaned out nine Greek restaurants, not to speak of two Hellenic shoe-polishing emporia and two Syrian shops. The trouble started with a dispute about a five-cent sandwich.



THE HAGUE PEACE SQUABBLE

Some pacific work, but activity mostly directed toward the formulation of ring rules for fighting

THE Hague Conference for the Promotion of Gentlemanly Warfare has proved a disappointment to the friends of peace. The subject of the limitation of armaments was dropped by general consent in the beginning. The proposition had hardly any real friends except the Americans, and the effect of their advocacy of it would not have been appreciably aided by the projected despatch of sixteen battleships to the Pacific. The American delegation exerted all its influence for the exemption of private property from capture at sea, but here England, which was ordinarily one of the peace leaders, stood immovably in opposition. This is not a matter concerning which the United States has need to feel anything more than sentimental regrets, since most of our over-sea trade is carried in foreign bottoms now, and the unlimited right of capture would hardly cause us any inconvenience in war while it might cause considerable inconvenience to an enemy with an extensive merchant marine.

The most substantial contribution to actual peace made thus far by the American representatives has taken the form of an elaborate scheme for the organization of a permanent Court of Arbitration, on the model of the Supreme Court of the United States, together with the formulation of rules for the submission of disputes to arbitration. It is proposed that the tribunal shall consist of fifteen judges to be appointed for a term of years by the various Powers according to rules to be laid down by the Conference. The decisions are to be given by majority vote, and no judge is to act in a case in which his own country is interested. All differences regarding the interpretation of treaties, "not affecting the independence or honor of the parties involved or the interests of other states," are to be submitted to the Permanent Court of Arbitration. Each party is to decide for itself whether the differences affect its independence or honor. Another important proposition by the American delegation defines contraband, dividing it into absolute contraband, such as arms and ammunition, and conditional contraband, whose character depends upon circumstances. Belligerents must furnish lists of the articles they propose to class under these heads twenty-four hours before making seizures.

NO CAR SLAUGHTER FOR DRESDEN

The municipal trolley lines have a fender that will not permit even suicide



AMERICAN street-car companies, which consider the slaughter of so many children a month one of the ordinary features of operation, will read with surprise and contempt the account sent by Consul Thomas H. Norton of Chemnitz, of the effort expended by the municipal traction system of Dresden to protect human life. Four years ago, it appears, the Dresden City Council offered \$2,500 in prizes for the most effective safety fenders. Over four hundred devices were submitted and tested. The first prize of \$1,000 was awarded to a local merchant whose invention was tried for months under every conceivable condition. Life-sized leather manikins were put on the car tracks by night and day in all possible positions, and without exception they were "definitely picked up and carried along without suffering the slightest injury." From lay figures the experimenters advanced to dogs, which came through the tests with equal success. Finally bottles filled with liquids were allowed to stand before cars going at full speed, and passed the ordeal without mishap. Then it was decided to attach the successful fender to all the cars in the city. "Interesting in this connection," concludes the Consul, "is the fact that Dresden is one of the few cities in Germany owning its street-car lines, and that the care bestowed upon insuring safety in the streets is an outcome of municipal ownership."

This rash opinion will no doubt be challenged by the representatives of the American traction companies that maintain private cemeteries for the victims of their fenderless cars. It can very readily be refuted by their prompt imitation of Dresden's example.



ODD DOINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO

Schmitz sentenced to prison and another boddler takes his place

SAN FRANCISCO continues to give an amazed world an example of absolute originality. When her disgraced Mayor, Schmitz, was sentenced to five years in State prison he haughtily rebuked the judge for presuming to accompany the sentence with a lecture. Momentarily crushed by the outburst of popular hatred that greeted his downfall he promptly recovered his assurance and announced that he would be a candidate for a third term at the next election. Upon the eclipse of Schmitz Supervisor Charles Bixton was chosen as temporary Mayor. Bixton had confessed to receiving bribes in some particularly shady transactions, notably for voting against an ordinance designed to keep young girls out of roller-skating rinks. After his elevation to the chief magistracy of the city he went on the witness stand and told how Theodore V. Halsey, of the Pacific States Telephone Company, had paid him five thousand dollars for

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his vote and influence against the grant of a franchise to the rival Home Telephone Company. While this edifying narrative was going on, the proceedings were suspended to permit the acting Mayor to attend "a very important meeting of the Board of Supervisors." Of course San Francisco expects to clean out all the boodlers at the next election and secure an honest government, but meanwhile there seems to be some danger that the spectacle of confessed bribe-takers administering the highest offices in the city may have a tendency to confuse the public standards of right and wrong. There are some further possibilities of confusion in the fact that the men who are vociferating most virtuously for the punishment of the bribe-takers are candidly acting in the interest of the indicted bribe-givers. There seems to be no possibility of reaching both classes of criminals, and the prosecution has wisely decided to go after the big ones at the cost of letting the little ones escape. But what has struck the outside world as a startling novelty has been the fact that San Francisco has not only given her informing criminals immunity baths, but has allowed them to keep on running her government. This anomaly appears to be coming to an end now, for on the failure of the business and labor organizations to come together in a reform convention District Attorney Langdon decided to name an honest Mayor himself, this appointment to be followed by the resignation of the boodle Supervisors.

FAIRBANKS AS A HERO

The Vice-President becomes the central figure of a thrilling rescue



BY the simple impulsiveness of a child of nature, with no opportunity for political premeditation, Vice-President Fairbanks has dispelled the myth that represents him as a bloodless calculating machine, and has added the title of hero to his other distinctions. There is considerable discrepancy among the various printed accounts of his exploit, but the preponderance of testimony represents him as sitting upon the piazza of the Lake Hotel in Yellowstone Park "in earnest conversation" when he noticed a commotion on the pier and saw somebody struggling in the water. He sprang from the piazza, "ran at top speed toward the lake," jumped into thirty feet of water, caught the victim as she was sinking for the third time, and, aided by a young man whom his example had inspired to emulation, fished her out. He then helped to carry the half-dead woman to the hotel piazza, where he worked energetically over her until she was resuscitated. A dramatic touch was given to the episode by the happy discovery that the Vice-President had saved the very waitress who had been assigned to his table at noon, and who had served him so well that he had complimented the manager of the hotel upon the competence of his employees. Thus a high moral lesson was impressed upon waitresses in general, who all realize now that any wayfarer may be worth treating kindly as a possible rescuer.

It is an unfortunate and perplexing fact that the witnesses do not all agree upon the details of this thrilling event. According to one account, for instance, the Vice-President's rescue work did not begin until after the waitress had been pulled out of the water by two young men and laid upon the pier. Then Mr. Fairbanks "peeled off his coat and waistcoat, rolled up his shirtsleeves, and led in giving such prompt and efficacious first aid" that the young woman's life was saved. But the weight of evidence is so heavily in favor of the dive into thirty feet of water that history will doubtless enroll the statesman as a thoroughbred hero, and not merely as an efficient trained nurse.



CANADA'S PROGRESS

The Dominion repeating in the twentieth century the advance of the United States in the nineteenth

LIKE the United States Census Bureau, the Canadian Census Office has tried its hand at an estimate of national population. It figures that Canada had 6,504,900 inhabitants on April 1, 1907, an increase of 1,133,585, or 21.1 per cent, in the six years since the census of 1901. This is more than twice the absolute, and nearly twice the relative, increase in the ten years between the censuses of 1891 and 1901, and it is a much greater relative increase than that in any decade since Confederation.

There is a curious parallel between Canada's present position and that of the United States a hundred years ago. In 1901 Canada had 5,371,315 inhabitants. In 1800 the United States had 5,308,483. Before 1901 the Canadian growth had been very slow—only 11.1 per cent in the ten years from 1891 to 1901 against 35.1 for the United States in the ten years from 1790 to 1800. But since 1901 there has been a sudden leap forward. The increase in the past six years is equivalent to a growth of 35.1 per cent in a decade—exactly what the United States had in the ten years preceding the census of 1800. It is true that in the ten years succeeding that census the United States grew a little faster, gaining 36.4 between 1800 and 1810. Still, for all practical purposes Canada may be said to stand to-day precisely where the Republic stood a century ago, with a fair prospect that the United States censuses for 1810 and the succeeding periods may serve for the Canadian censuses from 1911 on.

On this basis Canada may expect to have nearly seven and a quarter millions of people in 1911, nearly ten millions in 1921, almost thirteen millions in 1931, over seventeen millions in 1941, and more than twenty-three millions in 1951. There is one circumstance, however, which impairs the value of all such comparisons. The growth of the United States in the first half of the nineteenth century was almost entirely by natural increase, and so proceeded at a regular geometrical ratio, never varying from a mean of 34.5 per cent by as much as two per cent either way. Canada's present spurt is the result of a wave of immigration. It may keep on at its present rate; it may swell to an even greater volume, or it may decline. Historical parallels are not very trustworthy guides in such a matter.

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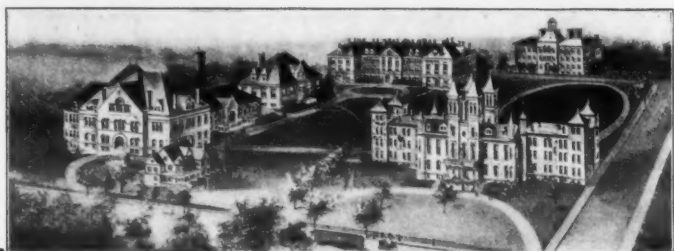
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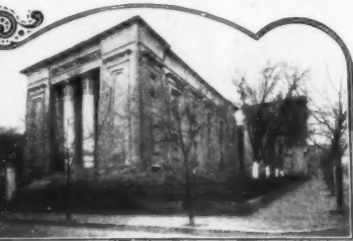


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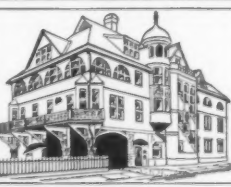
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THE LOST BULLION SWINDLE

How a typical mining fraud used a romantic legend to catch dupes

"A CAREFUL perusal of the literature sent you will unquestionably convince you without doubt we have the most wonderful mining proposition that this or any other country has ever had placed before them." There was no restraint of style practised by the letter writers of the Lost Bullion Spanish Mines Company of Silver City, New Mexico, whose promoters were recently arrested for conspiracy to defraud and for using the mails fraudulently. "Claim everything," is the mine swindler's motto, and C. L. Blackman & Co. of Denver, "fiscal agents" for the gang that backed the Lost Bullion fraud, lived up to it.

In 1906 the first "processed" typewritten letter was sent out to the "suckers." With it went a booklet and "engineers' reports." The booklet was called "A Glimpse into the Mysteries and Secrets of the Treasure Vaults of the Ancient Spaniards." It was designed to create the glamour of romance necessary to carry out the scheme. On the first page was printed a photograph of an "old Mexican town" in New Mexico, near the lost mines, and, on the next, one of an old Yaqui Indian sitting hunched in the sun. A drawing showing two Indians bound to stone seats with fires burning under their oil-soaked bare feet was labeled: "Spanish Method of Locating Treasure."

Torture failed; the two Aztec heroes refused to speak, and "NO ONE HAS EVER LOCATED THAT TREASURE." But—now the reader begins to sit up and take notice—it is known that as a rule "the royal treasures" were hidden in the workings of their [the king's] mines.

Leaving this thought to soak in, the booklet writer discourses on the richness of the mines of ancient Mexico. It is told that Coronado worked the Indians in the mines for a long time, but at last the Aztecs revolted against their inhuman treatment, and drove the Spaniards out. Mines were abandoned, "royal treasures" were left behind in the workings, entrances were blown up. And—"THE LOST BULLION SPANISH MINE is undoubtedly one of the properties that the Spaniards worked so successfully and yet were compelled to leave and abandon."

Logically, the booklet might stop here, but more stories of rich old mines are told, and then George Du Bois, "an old-time prospector," is introduced. His son became acquainted with an old Yaqui Indian (here the mind reverts to that hunched figure on page 2) and learned the story of the ancient lost mine of Bear Mountain. The boy repeated the story to his father, who at once connected it with the old legend, and for "many weary days searched all over Bear Mountain, day after day, month after month."

Old Man Du Bois finally located the entrance to the old mine, a small hole into which he squeezed himself with difficulty. Once underground, Du Bois found lofty galleries and narrow passages radiating in many directions. In time, he explored these passages and mapped them. His map, in alluring blue-print form, accompanied the reports of the three engineers sent by the company to report upon the mine. From seven to ten miles of passageways were followed out, and "millions of tons of rich ore" found.

Dropping romance, exploration, and old "Spanish methods of locating treasure," C. L. Blackman & Co., "fiscal agents," suggest a more modern method of locating treasure. "We are now offering the first instalment of Treasury Stock at ten cents per share," par value \$1, non-assessable. It is a limited opportunity; Time's forelock should be grasped at once. "If you so desire you may buy this stock on the instalment plan of one-tenth down, and the remainder in nine consecutive monthly payments." No man, woman, or child too poor to own a hundred or a thousand shares in "the most wonderful mining proposition that this or any other country has ever had placed before them."

By January 1, 1907, the stock had risen, in the advertising, to thirty cents a share, and Blackman & Co. prophesied that before February 15 the stock sale would be over and the company would have funds enough to place the property on a self-supporting basis. Investors were urged to telegraph their orders. Opportunity was about to cease knocking at the moneyed man's door.

There appeared to be but one fly in all of this wonderful ointment. The true facts insisted upon coming out. These showed that there was really no ore of any kind in the long passageways and lofty galleries of the lost mine. Bear Mountain is of limestone formation, and the old "Spanish workings" were merely a widely ramifying natural cavern. Of course, that must have been known to the promoters. No one in Silver City who cared to investigate but knew it. It was, however, a matter of slight importance to Blackman & Co. and their partners. Their method of locating treasure—and of extracting it—was to print stock certificates and sell them.

On April eleven men were arrested by the United States authorities for conspiracy to defraud and for fraudulent use of the mails. Blackman was taken; also the officers and former officers, the directors, and engineer who had reported favorably on the property, a Denver broker, and the two imaginative Du Bois. Before this wholesale arrest, however, Blackman and Arthur Levan, "Trustee," and later, secretary and treasurer of the company, had been arrested and held for examination. The defense made by the lost mine promoters was that a cattle syndicate inspired their prosecution because the mining company had acquired water and range formerly used by the cattlemen.

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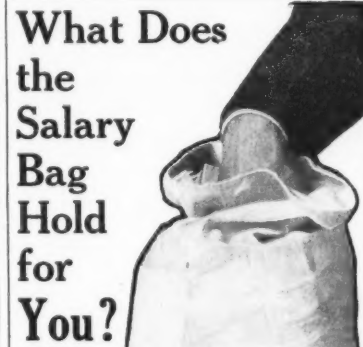
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"Oh, What Fun," they said

¶ "Oh, what fun," cried the old man.
¶ And the children clapped their hands.
¶ I heard the noise and clatter, the laughter and applause away down the road as I was approaching the old homestead. It was toward dark, just after supper, and, as I neared the house, I saw a big party gathered on the porch and the lawn listening to minstrel dialogs, band music—every conceivable kind of vocal and instrumental airs.
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¶ If you have heard only the old style squeaking, rasping instruments you can hardly imagine what a genuinely high class entertainment those people were having around that porch.

¶ The new style 1907 model Edisons are so far superior that there is really no comparison. I have known critics of music who have heard only the ordinary talking machines express the greatest surprise upon listening to this special automatic entertainer, the 1907 Edison.

¶ You must hear this remarkable instrument in your own home with your family around you—then you will appreciate why Thomas A. Edison said: "I want to see a Phonograph in every American Home."

¶ Not only the children, but the grown folks also find endless delight in the music, songs, the vaudeville, the rag-time, the band pieces; not only the every-day lovers of music, but even the keenest critics are pleased with the reproduction of concert pieces and opera selections. There is fun, amusement and instruction for everybody.

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¶ Yet a very fine Edison Phonograph on the present special offer costs only one twentieth—one fortieth—as much as a good piano. The surprising rock-bottom prices on the finest Edisons are all quoted in the new Edison catalogs, and to prove the superiority of these new instruments, the Edison Phonograph Distributors offer to send your choice of a genuine Edison on free trial (returnable at their expense if not entirely satisfactory).

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¶ Every reader of Collier's ought to take advantage of this free trial offer for you can thus convince yourself as to whether you want the Edison Phonograph.

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9084 "Nobody"	Comic Coon Song
8823 "Old Black Joe"	Quartet
4095 "Laughing Coon"	Comic Song
9280 "At the Minstrel Show," No. 6	By Minstrels
9111 "What You Goin' to Do When the Rent Comes 'Round?"	Song
8841 "I've Got a Feeling for You"	Banjo Trio
8389 "I Wonder Why Bill Baily Don't Come Home?"	Song
8202 "Arkansas Traveler"	Musical Monologue
9000 "Preacher and the Bear"	Coon Song
9317 "St. Louis Tickle"	Banjo Solo

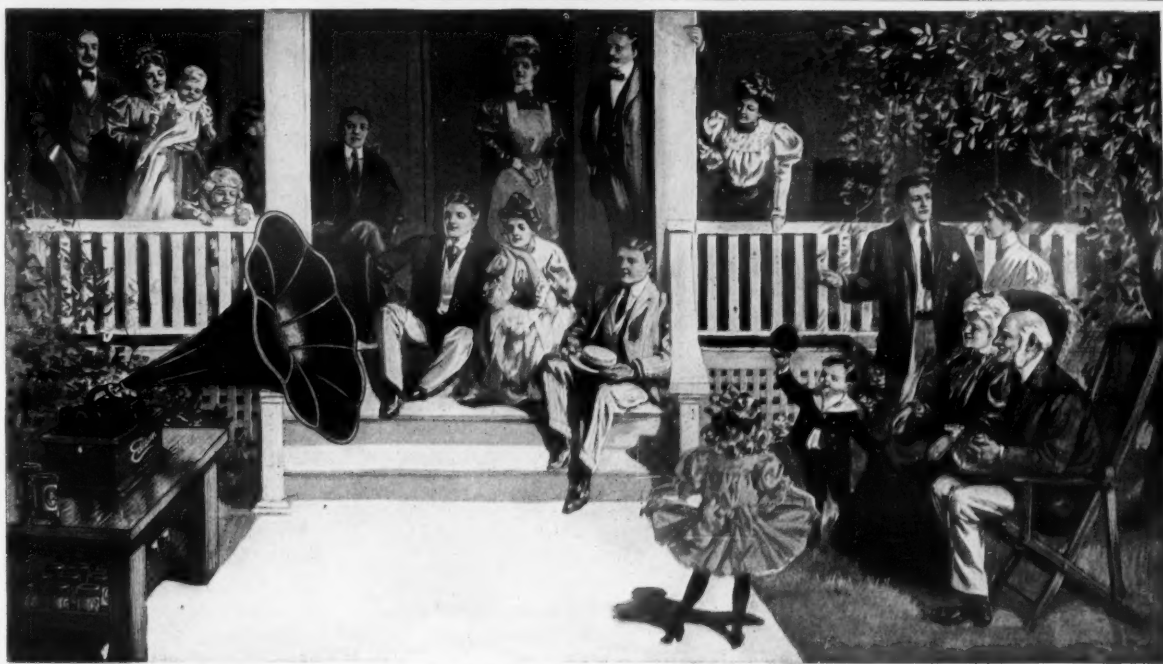
A HOME ENTERTAINMENT

2018 "Holy City"	Song
1559 "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"	Song
8891 "Over the Waves," Waltz	Military Band
9387 "The Moon Has His Eyes on You"	Sentimental
9031 "The Glory Song"	Famous Revival Song
93 "Stars and Stripes Forever"	Sousa March
9054 "Dearie"	Sentimental Ballad
504 Anvil Chorus from "Trovatore"	Orchestra
9162 "Silver Threads Among the Gold"	Song
8832 "Uncle Sammy," March	Band
7852 "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven"	Child's Song
8781 "Old Folks at Home"	Baritone Solo

¶ These are only suggestions and the programmes are only two of hundreds of programmes which might be arranged.

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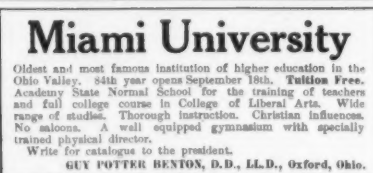
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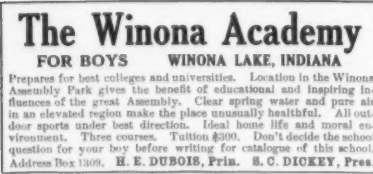
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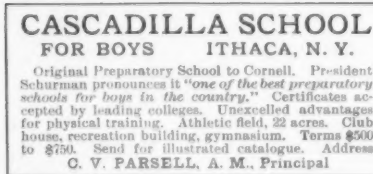
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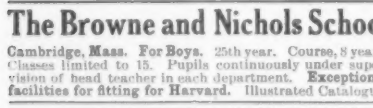
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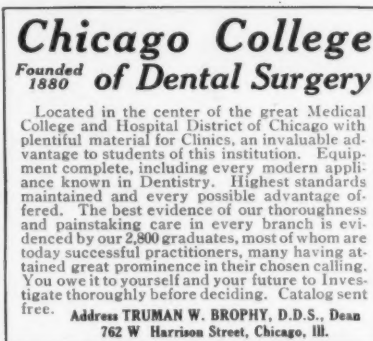
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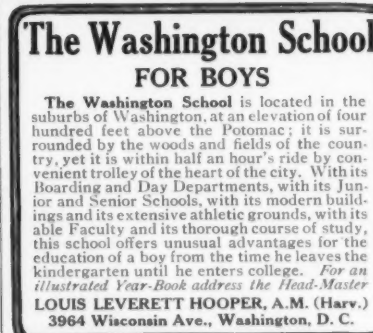
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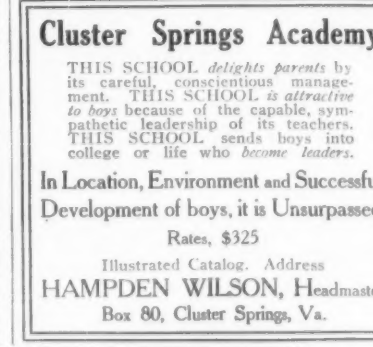
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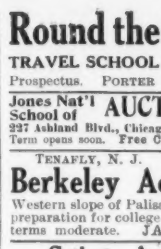
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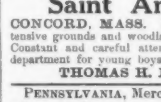
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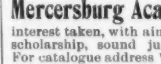
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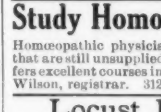
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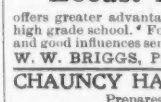
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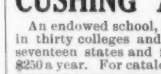
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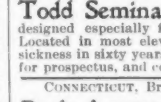
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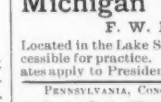
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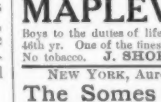
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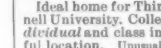
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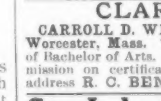
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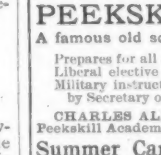
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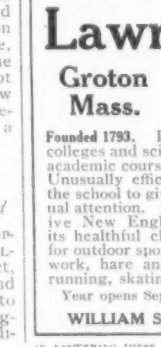
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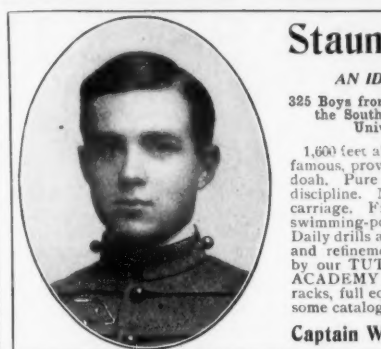
THE RACE PROBLEM

By MARIANNE GAUSS

Some Tragedies of a Colorado School-room Show the Bars to Equality

The following article was contributed in Collier's contest on "Life in Our Town." It did not seem to fit in that contest, but it did seem extremely valuable as a snapshot, so to speak, a vivid glimpse, based on intimate personal experience, of the eternal race question:
I came to teach in the public schools of La Junta, Colorado, from the schools of Kansas City, Missouri, where there is a thoroughly Southern disposition of the race problem, and one of the first things asked me was: "How do you feel in regard to teaching negroes?"
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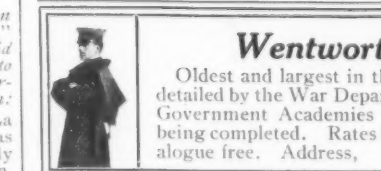
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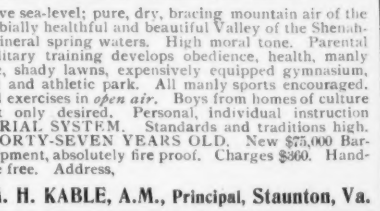
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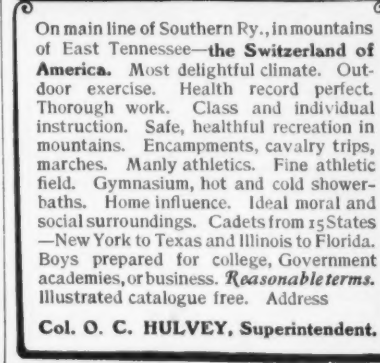
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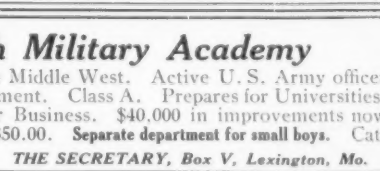
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I felt this entirely, when I looked down on one black face among forty-five white ones, including four or five Mexicans.

It was several days before I discovered that something was wrong—something far deeper than I had realized while I lived in Missouri, coming into contact with negroes in a community where a certain inferiority on their part was an accepted fact. My awakening came, first, in the form of a request from my one negro child that she be allowed to share the desk of a white girl who was entirely willing. I dared not allow this, for I knew the wrath of the white girl's mother would descend on me; so I said, as I thought tactfully: "No, you may save half your desk for me, and I will sit with you whenever I have time to rest." But this did not satisfy. I understood by the angry tears of the black child that the request had been a demand for race equality. I continued to learn. This little negress had a sister, who, save for the texture of her hair, might have passed as a white child. There was not a little bitterness between the two sisters, and the black one was heard to remark to the other one day: "Mamma says, when I grow up, I will marry a black man; but you will marry a white man, and I will have to come to your back door!" I now knew that the whole race problem was thoroughly understood by the children, and it crossed my mind that the whole race tragedy might possibly be enacted by them.

My sympathy went out to my negro child, for she was being treated with palpable injustice by the children of the dominant race. In taking her part, I learned the saddest fact of all. In that poor child was embodied all the insolence of the "new" negro. She went forth, backed by the authority of the teacher, as she understood it, to her battle for equality. She demanded from the white children not rights but social privileges—such things as that they go to her home—a neat, well-kept home—to play, and she enforced her demands with nails and teeth. Finally, in order to preserve peace and prevent an actual tragedy among the children, I, a public-school teacher, in a free country, was compelled to hold that girl down as an inferior. I gave her what the law required, but I withheld from her the common schoolroom courtesies—for I could not cope with what would follow.

During that winter a tragedy occurred near Denver—the old tragedy. The negro boy and the little white girl belonged to the same public-school district, and the revolting and cruelly unjust end of the affair was the burning alive of a negro boy, almost a child, deformed, and presumably deficient in intellect.

To return to our town; while the black child was in my grade, the citizens of La Junta lynched a mulatto in the employ of the Santa Fe Road, for a series of revolting crimes which had kept the town for weeks in a state of upheaval. The whole town turned out and made holiday at this lynching; the crowd was composed of men, women, and little children, schoolboys assisting at the death, and the affair was afterward mentioned as "our necktie party." This did not help the race issue in the schools.

Our town is not wild or lawless. That lynching is probably the only one in its history—certainly the only one since frontier days. The negro population is not composed of hewers of wood and drawers of water; negroes earn as much money as whites, their children are as well-dressed, they provide as readily the books and materials asked for by the schools. They appear, for the most part, to be useful citizens. And so, when the lynching was over and everything quiet, it seemed unreasonable to magnify the race issue. There was only one place where it continued in evidence—the children went on with their mimic race war. If I mentioned this, attaching evident importance to it, I was told that children's quarrels are likely to be overestimated by people whose daily association is with children.

But I have been away from our town for a while, and an item in a Denver paper this morning startles me like the fulfilment of a prophecy. It is to the effect that a six-year-old white boy was yesterday beaten to death by two negroes, aged respectively ten and twelve. I know both these negroes—both have given me trouble, in a childish way, by quarreling with the whites—and the whole affair is exceedingly vivid. I can fairly hear the children running in to say: "That nigger in Miss —'s room is beatin' Austin over the head with a brick!" I realize the scene intensely, and I know that if I speak now I shall not be contradicted. Children's quarrels are not "insignificant" if they end in death. It was not a real race war—but it is real sorrow, real physical agony, real burial of a beloved child—real murder.

My sympathy is much with the negro child—he is far in the minority; in my experience with these two little murderers, I would not say they were more to blame than the whites against whom they fought. There is no antipathy between the Mexicans and the whites in our town. Now and then the term "Greaser" is applied, and the teacher must intercede with a little judicious petting of the weeping Mexican, and a firm interdiction against epithets. But in the case of the Mexican no memories of slavery, no lynchings, no political wrongs, lie under the quarrel. This negro problem is a fearful thing, however. Let no one imagine that the children of two antagonistic races—the one unquestionably inferior, morally and mentally—will grow accustomed to one another and be inclined to live in peace, from enforced association in the public schools.

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THE DAY OF LITTLE THINGS

By GEORGE HIBBARD

MANKIND has always been impressed by
magnitude. The first ambition of a man
was to create something big. Possibly the
consciousness of his own bodily insignificance
made him wish for this form of self-assertion.
To fashion what was large was to raise a
mightier pedestal for himself. In mere im-
mensity the achievements of the past hold
their own with the accomplishments of to-
day. To this the Pyramids and the Colosseum
offer substantial proof. What appeals to a
savage either in a man or a building is mass.
Only with the advance of civilization—the
education of mankind—have size and extent
lost value.

This is the day of big things—bigger than
ever before. But we now have reached the
day of small things as well. Quite as mar-
velous results have been obtained in mini-
ature as in magnitude. There are means
of measuring to the thousandth part of an
inch and farther; methods of weighing to
the infinitesimal fraction of a grain. An in-
strument has been invented which will show
changes in temperature of one millionth of a
degree—an instrument which will register the
amount of heat from a candle a mile and a
half away. The faintest tremor of an earth-
quake in Japan is recorded in England. This
is the day when the minutest pinch of metallic
dust in the instrument of the wireless tele-
graph enables a message to be sent hundreds
of miles. This is the day of the utilization of
"waste products"; the day when wealth is
obtained by the saving of a few cents in a
process; the day when "five-cent stores"
make fortunes; the day when the nickel
business pays.

Generations of civilization and education
have been necessary to reach an understand-
ing of the proper value of small things. One
might say with the advance of democracy has
come the democracy of small things. There
can be few big things, but there can be a
great many small ones, and in this new ap-
preciation there is surely, too, something
indicative of the time.

As the struggle of life has grown keener
the importance of little things has become
more evident. In a sense there is nothing
little in littleness, and in recognizing this the
world has made a great advance. Therefore
the claim may be confidently made that if
this is the day of great things it is the day of
little ones as well, and, when all is said
and done, that the little ones are the more
significant.

THE PEARL

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

IT is death to dive for it:
Be it so—
Though but Dust I came,
Half a god I go.

HIS TROUBLE

By TOM MASSON

A SMALL, quiet-looking man, smoking a
large cigar, sat by the side of a medium-
sized automobile that was drawn out of the
road as a large touring car came along, driven
by a man with an interrogatory aspect.

The man in the touring car slowed up and
leaned over.

"How long you been here?"
"About two hours."
"Can't you find out what the matter is?"
"No."
"Inlet valve all right?"
"Yes."
"Trouble with spark plug?"
"Think not."
"How are your batteries?"
"O. K."
"Haven't got a short-circuit, have you?"
"Oh, no."
"How's your commutator?"
"Great."
"Perhaps your worm-gear is clogged?"
"No—all clear."
"Got any gasoline in your tank?"
"Plenty."
"How about your circulation; cylinder isn't
bound, is it?"
"No, sir."
"Tires seem all right?"
"Never better."
"Well, maybe your vibrator isn't adjusted."
"That's all right."
"Have you looked at your carburettor?"
"Yes."
"How about the cam shaft?"
"Grand."
"Have you tightened your connecting rods,
examined your clutches, and gone over the
differentials?"
"Yes—yes."

The man in the touring car paused a mo-
ment, and then looking at the stranger by the
roadside said at last:

"Would you mind telling me, sir, just what's
the matter with that machine of yours?"
In answer, the man pointed to a large red
farmhouse in the distance.

"See that house out there?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."
"Well, sir, there isn't anything the matter
with this machine, but since noon my wife
has been in that house kissing her sister's
first baby good-by. When she gets through,
if you are not over a thousand miles away,
and will leave your address, I will telegraph
or cable you the glad news at my own
expense."

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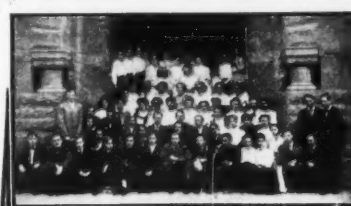
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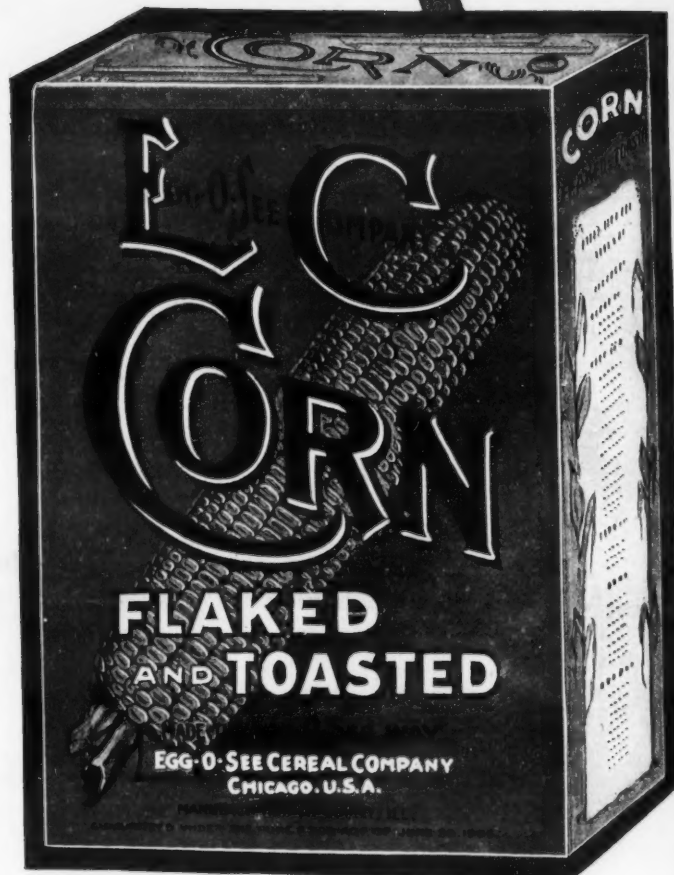
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